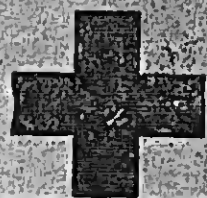




THE ANTIOCH NEWS.



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ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 1918

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PETITIONS ARE ALL FILED

Last Day of Filing is Now
Past and the Race is
on in Earnest

NO LAST MINUTE SURPRISE

Last Friday was the last day for the filing of petitions of those who wished their names to appear upon the primary ballot. Up to that time there were many guesses as to who might enter at the last moment, but now it is settled and the entire list of candidates are: For County Treasurer, Wm. A. Rosing of this place; L. J. Yeoman of Waukegan; Roy Bracher of Gurnee and D. L. Morse of Libertyville.

For Sheriff, Elmer J. Green of Waukegan and Chester Ames.

For Superintendent of Schools, T. A. Simpson.

For County Judge P. L. Persons.

For County Clerk, L. A. Hendee and L. J. Yager.

For the Legislature, E. D. Shurtliff of Marengo; J. H. Vickers of Harvard; A. K. Stearns of Lake Bluff and Lee McDonough of Waukegan.

In the Democratic race for minority representative, Thomas Graham and Herbert Shea of Lake county and Johnny Donnelly of Woodstock, McHenry county.

For Congress, Messrs. Chinblom and Moderwell of Evanston and Frederick DeLang of Glenview.

The Democrats of the county haven't bothered much about a ticket for Attorney Harvey Coulson is the only one who filed a petition. He filed to run as candidate for county judge but it is understood he filed merely as a formality in order to have the ticket represented.

Persons and Simpson are practically assured of the nomination right now and will simply walk in without opposition. But a good strong fight is on for each of the other offices. The four candidates for the office of Treasurer are each putting up the fight of a lifetime, but in this section of the county there seems to be but one considered and that is "Billie" Rosing, Antioch's own home candidate who was four years ago defeated by the small margin of three hundred votes, who has since then made enough staunch friends to overcome that number. He has the whole of Antioch behind him and stands the best kind of a chance to win. The race between Hendee and Yager is closely watched from this neck of the woods, but the strength of the two is so equally matched that it is a draw as to which will be able to pull the heavy vote from this district. The Sheriff proposition is also puzzling. Green is a popular fellow but so is Ames and both are putting in their best strokes.

A. Fred E. Case, Channel Lake became the fifth formally avowed candidate for the Republican nomination for United States senator when he filed his petition at Springfield, Friday. The other four are Congressman McCormick and Foss, Mayor Thompson and Patrick H. O'Donnell.

J. Hamilton Lewis filed his petition for the Democratic nomination several days ago.

Get Flour Without Substitute

The food administrator has handed us the following: "When a farmer brings to a mill, or to an elevator, grain grown by himself, the mill or the elevator will deliver to him on a toll or exchange basis a sufficient amount of flour, without substitutes, to provide eight pounds per month for each person in his household or establishment until October 1, 1918; providing that the farmer signs a certificate and that the miller has a reasonable cause to believe the truth thereof.

The certificate filled out states that the farmer has given facts and that the grain was raised on his farm. The number in his family, etc.

Washington a Free Mason.

That General Washington was a native Free Mason, in good standing is shown by the historic statement that "the southeast corner stone of the capitol was laid September 18, 1793, by Brother George Washington, assisted by the worshipful masters and Free Masons of the surrounding cities, the military and a large number of people."

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

New York, July 31, 1918.

To employees of the Bell Telephone Co.: Under the authority of the law and by the proclamation of the President possession and control of the wire systems passed to the Postmaster General as of August 1st.

In a conference held in Washington at which were present the Postmaster General, the Government Operating Committee and representatives of the Bell Companies, the Postmaster General expressed most emphatically his appreciation of the service which the Bell Companies were rendering and that such improvement possible to be made would be because of the additional power derived from the Government; he asked for the co-operation and assistance of those who had heretofore been responsible for the service.

The Postmaster General was equally emphatic in the statement of his desire to conserve the service and properties of the companies with a view of returning them when called upon so to do to the owners in as good condition as received; that it was his earnest desire that the owners should receive just compensation in the full sense for their use.

The Postmaster General, until other instructions are issued, desires that the conduct of operations shall continue as heretofore and also states that no changes will be made until after consultation and full and careful consideration.

To all who are identified with the Bell Companies—who have shown your fine sense of obligation and your loyalty and fidelity to the country to the Public Service and to the property in the past and to whom the credit is due for the prestige and position of the companies in the Public eye—it is asked and it is not too much to ask of you, that same loyalty, fidelity and devotion to this service under the new order of things; on your behalf such loyalty, fidelity and devotion to service have been promised, knowing full well the spirit in which you would meet and respond to the request.

To do one's full duty in each position is the greatest obligation resting upon every person and is also the greatest opening to future preferment.

Theo. N. Vail, President.

100,000 Jackies Have Been Turned Out of Grt. Lakes

More than 100,000 of America's young men have enlisted at the Great Lakes training station since war was declared. Approximately 23,000 of these came from the state of Illinois and every county in the state has contributed a large number. Between July 5th and July 24th of this year, there was an average of 2,108 a week sent from the station. There are now 45,000 Jackies in training there.

From 167 acres and 36 buildings with a capacity of 1600 sailors, the station has grown and developed until it now covers 1,000 acres, 850 buildings are completed or under construction and 50,000 Jackies can be trained at one time.

Queer Epitaphs.

Queer epitaphs are frequently fakes; but the following really appears in a Salon churchyard: "Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Barklamb, passed to eternity on Saturday, 21st of May, 1797. In the seventy-first year of her age. Richard Barklamb, the Antioch spouse uxorious, was interred here, 26th Jan., 1800, in his eighty-fourth year." What an antioch spouse uxorious may be is not explained.—Cardiff Western-Mail.

Bring Up the Reserves.

John was visiting his grandmother, who lived in the country. One day his grandmother found that John had but a few clean clothes left, so she told John to write to his mother and tell her to send him some new clothes. John obeyed immediately and in a few minutes returned and showed her the letter, which was as follows: "Dear mamma, please send me a reinforcement of clean clothes."

Combs.

Combs have been used in the toilet since very ancient times. The Greeks, the Egyptians and the Roman ladies used them to arrange and hold up their hair; even ladies among the Swiss like dwellers seem to have been familiar with them. Some of these were made of wood, some of bone, of horn or of ivory. Specimens have often been found in recent years.

Very Much Out of Place.

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party. "Yes," replied the hostess, with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense."

LETTERS FROM SOLDIER BOYS

John Horan Writes of Army Life at Camp Gordon, Georgia

George Palmer, in France, Writes to Home Folks, and Best Wishes

Camp Gordon, Ga.
Aug. 4, 1918.

Dear Friend A. B.

I am still hanging around Camp Gordon but not at the same old stand. Things have changed very fast for some of the boys since the day we arrived and another six weeks will see a lot more sudden changes. The army life is changing week in and week out, and for my self I have had two weeks of jumping around. I might say here that your information about my bad knee preventing my being among the lucky ones to go across was a wrong statement, and I guess the way it came about was caused by so much commotion in camp during the weeks of the departure of the company. Of course the company knew a week ahead of their movement and some of the boys wrote queer things in their letters, all excitement and a happier bunch you couldn't find, as I know as well as the other six sergeants and seven corporals that we were left behind the company. There might be some questions as why we were left behind. We were picked as the best drilled men and most active ones in the company, in order to carry out the work of drilllog and making new soldiers for the next shipment.

My change came immediately after the company left, into the sixty-second company we went from there to the Fourth Replacement Regiment, Tenth Training Battalion. All of us being split up into different companies. Companies run from A. to M. Some Waukegan boys, Mitchell from Lake Villa, all in different companies.

I am in company "D" with a lot of nice boys all sergeants and corporals. You might understand what the idea is, providing the plans works out. The demand for lieutenants is great, many called to France, there must be good men to take their place. Right now is where some of us is going to be lucky. And me for one is trying and giving all I have in me to reach to the top of the ladder.

We got our men a week ago Saturday, all Iowa men and some men I tell you, all corn fed I guess, and men that are going to pick up soldiering very quickly. I have the handling of fifty-six of them, learning them the facings, manual of arms, etc., after five weeks of this kind of work giving them all the things that was given me to learn. I will have the chance to attend the officers training school and come out a lieutenant, or if plans are changed and I go across with my men, it will be a

Hawthorn and Munson are Busy at Work

As the result of the talk which B. A. Munson and H. A. Hawthorn gave at the Thrift Stamp meeting at Deerfield last Friday evening \$7,500 worth of stamps were sold.

This was the last of the series of nine meetings which they held about the county in the interests of thrift stamp sale, and at every place they were met by enthusiastic crowds and big sales followed their talk in each instance.

And now that they have finished that speaking tour they have embarked on a new campaign. They are now visiting the school trustees of every district in the county and putting up to them the responsibility for thrift and war stamp sales in their territory. They are held responsible for their district going over the top. This campaign began in Avon Tuesday.

McDermott Gets Appointment of Customs Officer

P. ter McDermott of Waukegan has received official notice that he has been appointed to the office of Deputy Collector of Customs of Waukegan, to fill the vacancy caused by the sudden death recently of Henry Broecker. Mr. McDermott's appointment is effective immediately.

New Educational Idea.

For teaching children to read more rapidly a Boston man has invented a machine which displays but a single line of printed matter at a time.

platoon sergeant, and no changes in our line-up until our trip has ended at the station of Berlin. Hoping you are all well. From your old friend, John L. Horan.

Mrs. Walter Palmer recently received the following letter from her son George, who is now in France.

Somewhere in France

July 9, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I will write you a few lines now that I have a little time. I am having a good time so far in this country, we had a nice trip across the ocean, the weather was fine and I was not even sea sick, but several of the boys were for a day or two. The people here are nice and they turn out to greet us. We are sure welcome in Europe. I wish I could have been with you on the Fourth I thought of you folks all that day and I know you must have had a good time. But we had a real nice time together, we had church service and lots of music so we were not lonesome at all. We are seeing some fine country and have been in some pretty cities. All of our boys are enjoying the work first rate but we will be working hard from now on. We do not worry as we are feeling fine, get good things to eat and a nice place to sleep. We have bed tents so far.

I suppose you hear from Harry often as he is where he can write more than I can. But I will write as often as I can and you can let Fred see the letters that I send home. I will write to him when I get settled down again. I hope the boys are all well and would like to hear from them. I also want you to write and tell me how everything is, it takes a long time to get mail here so I write often. The Y. M. C. A. is a great thing over here, for the boys can read and write there, although of course it is not like home and we don't expect it to be, but the people of America can not do too much for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. They are helping to win the war and I don't think that it will take much longer. I suppose Myrtle was up to see you on the Fourth I hope she did for it will do her good to get out and enjoy herself a little. Don't worry about me for Uncle Sam is taking good care of his boys over here and I will write often to let you know that I am all right. Give my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Toby and to all of my Antioch friends.

Love to all.

George.

Publishers Cannot Send Any More Free Papers

Many people have an erroneous idea that the government's ban on sending packages overseas includes newspapers, magazines and the like. The war department makes a special announcement that not only may printed matter be sent abroad, without requisition, but that all kinds of papers and periodicals are most welcome at the front.

Since the beginning of the war we have made a practice of sending papers each week, to several of the boys in service, but the government, looking to the conservation of paper, has issued orders that each printing office must cut from its list all free papers, including exchanges and soldiers mail. So from now on we are prohibited from sending The News to any soldier unless it is subscribed for and paid for, either by themselves or a friend. If you wish your boy to get The News each week subscribe for him and we will see that it is mailed to him each Thursday afternoon.

Masons Forbid Use of German

The German tongue is hereafter officially forbidden in Masonic lodges of Illinois as the result of an order issued Tuesday by Grand Master Scroggie. The order follows an extended conference among officers of Masonic lodges in which final agreement has been reached.

Silkworm's Fast Growth.

In 23 days from hatching a silkworm increases 4,000 times its original size.

Hickory Harvest Picnic Nets \$387.50 for Red Cross

The annual harvest picnic and reunion held at Pullen's grove at Hickory last Thursday was more of a success than these events usually are, and that is saying a great deal. A large American flag stretched across the road marked the entrance to the grove where a large crowd of old timers met to renew acquaintances as well as a large crowd of Red Cross boosters and a goodly sprinkling of politicians.

The program began with the reading of the history of the organization which is always a very interesting feature. Music was furnished by the Liberty Elks and Drum corps of Waukegan, while Clarence Diver of Waukegan and C. M. Moderwell of Chicago each gave a fitting address. The flag drill was another number on the program that was very much applauded.

And last but far from least of all there was the auction sale of articles donated for the benefit of the Red Cross. Jim Woodman of the Waukegan Gazette began the sale as auctioneer and announced that everything would be sold without reserve. John Thau, Chase Webb and L. J. Slocum each took a hand and the articles were disposed of in double quick time. The proceeds of the sale amounting to \$241.85.

As a social affair it was a decided success and everyone present had the best kind of a time. The proceeds of the day amounted to \$387.50 which was donated to the Red Cross.

The association takes this opportunity of expressing to the public their hearty appreciation for the generous patronage and for the numerous articles donated for the sale.

Boys Write Home

On Their Honor

The American expeditionary forces in France, at least some of the boys over there, now have the privilege of writing letters to their friends over here, and not having the contents censored regimentally, although the letters all must pass through the hands of the base censor.

The envelopes which are being used by the boys over there are printed with instructions to the writer, and the bottom of the envelope carries this pledge:

"I certify on my honor that the contents of this envelope refer to nothing but private and family matters." Directly underneath is a place for the signature of the soldier sending the letter.

Several letters may be enclosed in the same wrapper, according to the inscription, but in that case it must be addressed to the base censor, this official to give the letters a careful inspection and forward them to addresses indicated.

The envelope can not be used for the transportation of coin or valuables, nor can it be registered. Contents need not be censored by the regimental officer if the writer signs the certificate above. A few of these uncensored letters have been received by Antioch relatives of the boys over there.

Pottery the Oldest Art.

Pottery is the oldest, the longest and most widely diffused of all human arts. Its history, if recorded, would be as old as the history of man; its recorded history begins with the building of the tower of Babel. The oldest pottery known is Egyptian, but every people, civilized or barbarian, has practiced the art in one or another form. All study in every department of art begins at a period not long after the Moslem deluge, but pottery is the earliest of all forms of art.

Dietetic Habits.

Some people seem to think that a vegetarian is a curiosity. A rough calculation shows that the population of the world, now estimated approximately at 1,000,000,000, is said to be divided as to dietetic habits about as follows: Strict vegetarians, 250,000,000; practically vegetarians, but eating a little fish or flesh, 450,000,000; eating meat about once a week (on high days and holidays), 500,000,000; eating meat daily and sometimes more than once a day, 400,000,000.

Almost Beyond Imagination.

Astronomers reckon that there are at least 1,000,000,000,000 stars in the universe; and some of them are so far distant that light starting from them long before the earliest dawn of human history has not yet had time to reach us.

Lay of the Last Men.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" may have caused some apprehension in its day, but were the lay of the last men to be announced in bars there would certainly be a panic.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Our Exchanges Have Many Items of Different Events Concerning News.

NEWS OF VARIOUS KINDS

At a meeting of the Walworth County Holstein Breeders' association it was voted to hold a dispersion sale at Elkhorn in October.

Thus far the Boy Scouts of Woodstock have located nearly 300 walnut trees, and their work in this direction is still far from completed.

Some people regret that the exceedingly modest display by the girls in keeping their ears so carefully covered, is not manifested in other directions.

Mrs. Turner, postmistress at the village of Bristol, has resigned her position, the resignation took effect the first of August. Civil service examinations will be held to select a successor.

The opening of Wauconda's new tile factory, which has been delayed on account of the uncertainty of the railroad, will open within the next ten days, according to a report from that village.

Burglars entered the bar room of the Lakeside hotel at Fox Lake some time early last Saturday morning and relieved the cash drawer of its entire contents, amounting to something like \$500.

Fire last week totally destroyed the factory of the Hartford Canning company at Hartford causing a loss of \$60,000. The warehouse adjoining in which the season's peck, just finished was stored was saved.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Farmers' New Era Telephone company held at Hebron a three per cent dividend was declared. The total number of phones in use on July 1, was 1,100 of which number 494 were in Hebron, 335 in Richmond, 194 in Wilmet, Wis., and 27 in Spring Grove.

The pea pack at the Grayslake canning factory has been completed and in point of quality the pack was the best that the company has had since locating a factory in that village. All told 150 acres were planted to what is known as an early variety and the average yield per acre amounted to 100 cases. Something like 2,400,000 cans were put up.

Crystal Lake's community service flag was raised in that city last Saturday evening before one of the largest crowd that has ever assembled there. Edward D. Shurtliff of Marengo was the speaker of the evening, while the Crystal Lake band furnished the music.

The annual McHenry county fair will be held this year from August 27 to 30, inclusive. Frank J. Green is president and Guy E. Still secretary of the fair association. The fair this year will be held in perfect harmony with the times. The Red Cross is expected to take a leading part. The dates of the Libertyville fair are Sept 18 to 21.

Why He Would Not Build.

It is in a Jewish legend that Methuselah declined at the age of six hundred or so to go to the trouble of building a house because the Lord answered his question as to how much longer he had to live, and the patriarch decided that three hundred years was too short a time to warrant him in making the exertion. Undoubtedly Methuselah preferred his tent and was ready to grasp at any excuse for slacking to it.

Road of Frights.

In the central part of China there is a very strange road, which leads to the famous Ming tombs. On each side of the avenue are huge figures of elephants, camels and giraffes, lions, etc. Each animal is carved out of a solid piece of stone. They are probably more than 500 years old.

Malarial Scourge.

Malarial fevers are by far the greatest scourge of the rural districts of Venezuela. In the one state of Carabobo, with a population of 198,399, there were 1,484 deaths from malaria last year.

"Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien

FROM THE WINDOW OF A TRAIN RUNNING 35 MILES AN HOUR, O'BRIEN MAKES LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

Synopsis.—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Mamequa, Ill., after seeing service in the American flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying Corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital, he is sent to a prison camp at Courtrai.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

One man—and I think he was the smallest eater in the camp—was on three successive days, but it was well for him that his luck deserted him on the fourth day, for he probably would have been handled rather roughly by the rest of the crowd, who were growing suspicious. But we handled the drawing ourselves and knew there was nothing crooked about it, so he was spared.

We were allowed to buy pears, and being small and very hard, they were used as the stakes in many a game. But the interest in these little games was as keen as if the stakes had been piles of money instead of two or three half-starved pears. No man was ever so reckless, however, in all the betting as to wager his own rations.

By the most scheming and sacrificing I ever did in my life I managed to hoard two pieces of bread (gradually spared at the time from my daily rations), but I was preparing for the day when I should escape—if I ever should. It was not a sacrifice easily made either, but instead of eating bread I ate pears until I finally got one piece of bread ahead; and when I could force myself to stick to the pear diet again, I saved the other piece from that day's allowance, and in days to come I had cause to credit myself fully for the foresight.

Whenever a new prisoner came in and his German hosts had satisfied themselves as to his life history and taken down all the details—that is all he would give them—he was immediately surrounded by his fellow prisoners, who were eager for any bit of news or information he could possibly give them, and as a rule he was glad to tell us, because, if he had been in the hands of the Huns for any length of time, he had seen very few English officers.

The conditions of this prison were bad enough when a man was in normally good health, but it was barbarous to subject a wounded soldier to the hardships and discomforts of the place. However, this was the fate of a poor private we discovered there one day in terrible pain, suffering from shrapnel in his stomach and back. All of us officers asked to have him sent to a hospital, but the doctors curtly refused, saying it was against orders. So the poor creature went on suffering from day to day and was still there when I left—another victim of German cruelty.

At one time in this prison camp there were a French marine, a French flying officer, two Belgian soldiers, and of the United Kingdom one from Canada, two from England, three from Ireland, a couple from Scotland, one from Wales, a man from South Africa, one from Algeria, and a New Zealander, the latter being from my own squadron, a man whom I thought had been killed, now he was equally surprised when brought into the prison to find me there. In addition there were a Chinaman and myself from the U. S. A.

It was quite a cosmopolitan group, and as one typical Irishman said, "Sure, and we have every nation that's worth mentioning, including the darn Germans with us whites." Of course this was not translated to the Germans, nor was it even spoken in their hearing, or we probably would not have had quite so cosmopolitan a bunch. Each man in the prison was ready to uphold his native country in any argument that could possibly be started, and it goes without saying that I never took a back seat in any of them with my praise for America, with the Canadian and Chinaman chiming in on my side. But they were friendly arguments; we were all in the same boat and that was no place for quarrelling.

Every other morning, the weather allowing, we were taken to a large swimming pool and were allowed to have a bath. There were two pools, one for the German officers and one for the men. Although we were officers, we had to use the pool occupied by the men. While we were in swimming a German guard with a rifle across his knees sat at each corner of the pool and watched us closely as we dressed and undressed. English interpreters accompanied us on all of these trips, so at no time could we talk without their knowing what was going on.

Whenever we were taken out of the prison for any purpose they always paraded us through the most crowded streets—evidently to give the populace an idea that they were getting

lots of prisoners. The German soldiers we passed on these occasions made no effort to hide their smiles and sneers.

The Belgian people were apparently very curious to see us, and they used to turn out in large numbers whenever the word was passed that we were out. At times the German guards would strike the women and children who crowded too close to us. One day I smiled and spoke to a pretty girl, and when she replied, a German made a run for her. Luckily she stepped into the house before he reached her, or I am afraid my salutation would have resulted seriously for her and I would have been powerless to have assisted her.

Whenever we passed a Belgian home or other building which had been wrecked by bombs or our airmen, our guards made us stop a moment or two while they passed sneering remarks among themselves.

One of the most interesting souvenirs I have of my imprisonment at Courtrai is a photograph of a group of us taken in the prison courtyard. The picture was made by one of the guards, who sold copies of it to those of us who were able to pay his price—one mark apiece.

As we faced the camera I suppose we all tried to look our happiest, but the majority of us, I am afraid, were too sick at heart to raise a smile, even for this occasion. One of our Hun guards is shown in the picture seated at the table. I am standing directly behind him, attired in my flying tunic, which they allowed me to wear all the time I was in prison, as is the usual custom with prisoners of war. Three of the British officers shown in the picture, in the foreground, are clad in "shorts."

Through all my subsequent adventures I was able to retain a print of this interesting picture, and although when I gaze at it now it only serves to increase my gratification at my ultimate escape, it fills me with regret to think that my fellow prisoners were not so fortunate. All of them by this time are undoubtedly eating their hearts up in the prison camps of interior Germany. Poor fellows!

Despite the scanty fare and the restrictions we were under in this prison, we did manage on one occasion to arrange a regular banquet. The planning which was necessary helped to pass the time.

At this time there were eight of us. We decided that the principal thing we needed to make the affair a success was potatoes, and I conceived a plan to get them. Every other afternoon they took us for a walk in the country, and it occurred to me that it would be a comparatively simple matter for us to pretend to be tired and sit down when we came to the first potato patch.

It worked out nicely. When we came to the first potato patch that afternoon, we told our guards that we wanted to rest a bit and we were allowed to sit down. In the course of the next five minutes each of us managed to get a potato or two. Being Irish, I got six.

When we got back to the prison, I managed to steal a handkerchief full of sugar, which, with some apples that we were allowed to purchase, we easily converted into a sort of jam.

We now had potatoes and jam, but no bread. It happened that the Hun who had charge of the potatoes was a great musician. It was not very difficult to prevail upon him to play us some music, and while he went out to get his zither I went into the bread pantry and stole a loaf of bread.

Most of us had saved some butter from the day before, and we used it to fry our potatoes. By bribing one of the guards, he bought some eggs for us. They cost 25 cents apiece, but we were determined to make this banquet a success, no matter what it cost.

The cooking was done by the prison cook, whom, of course, we had to bribe.

When the meal was ready to serve it consisted of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, bread and jam, and a pitcher of beer which we were allowed to buy. That was the 20th of August. I had known that it was to be the last real meal that I was to eat for many weeks. I might have enjoyed it even more than I did, but it was certainly very good.

We had cooked enough for eight, but while we were still eating, another joined us. He was an English officer who had just been brought in on a

stretcher. For seven days, he told us, he had lain in a shell hole, wounded, and he was almost famished, and we were mighty glad to share our banquet with him.

We called on each man for a speech, and one night I thought that we were at a first-class club meeting. A few days after that our party was broken up and some of the men, I suppose, I shall never see again.

One of the souvenirs of my adventure is a check given me during this "banquet" by Lieut. James Henry Dwyer of the Tenth Royal Irish Fusiliers, a fellow prisoner. It was for 20 francs and was made payable to the order of "Mr. Pat O'Brien, 2nd Lieut." Poor Jim forgot to scratch out the "London" and substitute "Courtrai" on the date line, but its value as a souvenir is just as great. When he gave it to me he had no idea that I would have an opportunity so soon afterward to cash it in person, although I am quite sure that whatever unclouded reverses I may be destined to meet, my want will never be great enough to induce me to realize on that check.

There was one subject that was talked about in this prison whenever conversation lagged, and I suppose it is the same in other prisons too. What were the chances of escape?

Every man seemed to have a different idea and one way, I suppose, was about as impracticable as another. None of us ever expected to get a chance to put our ideas into execution, but it was interesting speculation, and anyway one can never tell what opportunities might present themselves.

One suggestion was that we disguise ourselves as women. "O'Brien would stand a better chance disguised as a nurse," declared another, referring to the fact that my height (I am six feet two inches) would make me more conspicuous as a woman than as a man.

Another suggested that we steal a German Gotha—a type of airplane used for long-distance bombing. It is these machines which are used for bombing London. They are manned by three men, one sitting in front with a machine gun, the pilot sitting behind him and an observer sitting in the rear with another machine gun. We figured that, at a pinch, perhaps, seven or eight of us could make our escape in a single machine. They have two motors of very high horse power, fly very high and make wonderful speed. But we had no chance to put this idea to the test.

I worked out another plan by which I thought I might have a chance if I could ever get into one of the German airplanes. I would conceal myself in one of the hangars, wait until one of the German machines started out, and as he taxied along the ground I would rush out, shout at the top of my voice and point excitedly at his wheels. This, I figured, would cause the pilot to stop and get out to see what was wrong. By that time I would be up to him, and as he stooped over to inspect the machine, I could knock him senseless, jump into the machine and be over the lines before the Huns could make up their minds just what had happened. It was a fine dream, but my chance was not to come that way.



From a Photograph Taken in the Courtyard of the Officers' Prison at Courtrai, Which Lieutenant O'Brien Preserved Throughout His Perilous Journey. O'Brien is Shown Standing Behind the German Guard, Who Sits at the Table in the Center of the Group.

There were dozens of other ways which we considered. One man would be for endeavoring to make his way right through the lines. Another thought the safest plan would be to swim some river that crossed the lines.

The idea of making one's way to Holland, a neutral country, occurred to everyone, but the one great obstacle in that direction, we all realized, was the great barrier of barbed and electrically charged wire which guards every foot of the frontier between Belgium and Holland, and which is closely watched by the German sentries.

This barrier was a three-fold affair. It consisted first of a barbed wire wall six feet high. Six feet beyond that was a nine-foot wall of wire powerfully charged with electricity. To touch it meant electrocution. Beyond that, at a distance of six feet, was another wall of barbed wire six feet high.

Beyond the barrier lay Holland and liberty, but how to get there was a problem which none of us could solve and few of us ever expected to have a chance to try.

Mine came sooner than I expected.

CHAPTER VI.

A Leap for Liberty.

I had been in prison at Courtrai nearly three weeks when, on the morning of September 9th, I and six other officers were told that we were to be transferred to a prison camp in Germany.

One of the guards told me during the day that we were destined for a re-prison camp in Strassburg. They were sending us there to keep our airmen from bombing the place.

He explained that the English carried German officers on hospital ships for a similar purpose and he excused the German practice of torpedoing these vessels on the score that they also carried munitions! When I pointed out to him that France would hardly be sending munitions to England, he lost interest in the argument.

Some days before, I had made up my mind that it would be a very good thing to get hold of a map of Germany, which I knew was in the possession of one of the German interpreters, because I realized that if ever the opportunity came to make my escape, such a map might be of the greatest assistance to me.

With the idea of stealing this map, accordingly, a lieutenant and I got in front of this interpreter's window one day and engaged in a very hot argument as to whether Heidelberg was on the Rhine or not, and we argued back and forth so vigorously that the German came out of his room, map in hand, to settle it. After the matter was entirely settled to our satisfaction, he went back into his room and I watched where he put the map.

When, therefore, I learned that I was on my way to Germany, I realized that it was more important than ever for me to get that map, and with the help of my friend, we got the interpreter out of his room on some pretext or another, and while he was gone I confiscated the map from the book in which he kept it and concealed it in my sock underneath my leggings. As I had anticipated, it later proved of the utmost value to me.

I got it none too soon, for half an hour later we were on our way to Ghent. Our party consisted of five British officers and one French officer. At Ghent, where we had to wait for several hours for another train to take us direct to the prison camp in Germany, two other prisoners were added to our party.

In the interval we were locked in a room at a hotel, a guard sitting at the door with a rifle on his knee. It would have done my heart good for the rest

of my life if I could have gotten away then and fooled that Hun—he was so cocksure.

Later we were marched to the train that was to convey us to Germany. It consisted of some twelve coaches, eleven of these containing troops going home on leave, and the twelfth reserved for us. We were placed in a fourth-class compartment with old, hard, wooden seats, a filthy floor and no lights save a candle placed there by a guard. There were eight of us prisoners and four guards.

As we sat in the coach we were an object of curiosity to the crowd who gathered at the station.

"Hope you have a nice trip!" one of them shouted sarcastically.

"Drop me a line when you get to Berlin, will you?" shouted another in broken English.

"When shall we see you again?" asked a third.

"Remember me to your friends, will you? You'll find plenty where you're going!" shouted another.

The German officers made no effort to repress the crowd, in fact, they



I Confiscated the Map.

joined in the general laughter which followed every sally.

I called to a German officer who was passing our window.

"You're an officer, aren't you?" I asked, respectfully enough.

"Yes, what of it?" he rejoined.

"Well, in England," I said, "we let your officers who are prisoners ride first class. Can't you fix it so that we can be similarly treated, or least be transferred to second-class compartment?"

"If I had my way," he replied, "you'd ride with the hogs!"

Then he turned to the crowd and told them of my request and how he had answered me, and they all laughed hilariously.

This got me pretty hot.

"That would be a d— slight better than riding with the Germans!" I yelled after him, but if he considered that a good joke, he didn't pass it on to the crowd.

Some months later when I had the honor of telling my story to King George, he thought this incident was one of the best jokes he had ever heard. I don't believe he ever laughed harder in his life.

Before our train pulled out, our guards had to present their arms for inspection and their rifles were loaded in our presence to let us know that they meant business.

From the moment the train started on its way to Germany, the thought kept coming to my head that unless I could make my escape before we reached that reprisal camp I might as well make up my mind, as far as I was concerned, the war was over.

It occurred to me that if the eight of us in that car could jump at a given signal and seize those four Hun guards by surprise, we'd have a splendid chance of besting them and jumping off the train when it first slowed down, but when I passed the idea on to my comrades they turned it down. Even if the plan worked out as gloriously as I had pictured, they pointed out the fact that so many of us had escaped would almost inevitably result in our recapture. The Huns would have scoured Belgium till they had got us and then we would all be shot. Perhaps they were right.

Nevertheless, I was determined that, no matter what the others decided to do, I was going to make one bid for freedom, come what might.

As we passed through village after village in Belgium and I realized that we were getting nearer and nearer to that dreaded reprisal camp, I concluded that my one and only chance of getting free before we reached it was through the window. I would have to go through that window while the train was going full-speed, because if I waited until it had slowed up or stopped entirely, it would be a simple matter for the guards to overtake or shoot me.

I opened the window. The guard who sat opposite me—so close that his feet touched mine and the stock of his gun which he held between his knees occasionally struck my foot—made no objection, imagining no doubt that I found the car too warm or that the smoke, with which the compartment was filled, annoyed me.

As I opened the window, the noise the train was making as it thundered along grew louder. It seemed to say: "You're a fool if you do; you're a fool if you don't—you're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you don't!"—and I said

to myself "the ones have it," and closed down the window again.

As soon as the window was closed, the noise of the train naturally subsided and its speed seemed to diminish, and my plan appeared to me stronger than ever.

I knew the guard in front of me didn't understand a word of English, and so, in a quiet tone of voice, I confided to the English officer who sat next me what I had planned to do.

"For God's sake, Pat, check it!" he urged. "Don't be a lunatic! This railroad is double-tracked and rock-balanced and the other track is on your side. You stand every chance in the world of knocking your brains out against the rails, or hitting a bridge or a whistling post, and if you escape these you will probably be hit by another train on the other track. You haven't one chance in a thousand to make it!"

There was a good deal of logic in what he said, but I figured that once I was in that reprisal camp I might never have even one chance in a thousand to escape, and the idea of remaining a prisoner of war indefinitely went against my grain. I resolved to take my chance now at the risk of breaking my neck.

The car was full of smoke. I looked across at the guard. He was rather an old man, going home on leave, and he seemed to be dreaming of what was in store for him rather than paying my particular attention to me. Once in a while I had smiled at him, and I figured that he hadn't the slightest idea of what was going through my mind all the time we had been traveling.

I began to cough as though my throat was badly irritated by the smoke and then I opened the window again. This time the guard looked up and showed his disapproval, but did not say anything.

It was then 4 o'clock in the morning and would soon be light. I knew I had to do it right then, or never, as there would be no chance to escape in the daytime.

I had on a trench coat that I had used as a flying coat and wore my knapsack, which I had constructed out of a gas bag brought into Courtrai by a British prisoner. In this I had two pieces of bread, a piece of sausage and a pair of flying mittens. As of them had to go with me through the window.

The train was now going at a rate of between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, and again it seemed to diminish as it rattled along over the ties. "You're a fool if you do—you're a fool if you don't. You're a fool if you don't—you're a fool if you do. You're a fool if you don't!"

I waited no longer. Standing upon the bench as if to put the bag on the rack and taking hold of the rack with my left hand and a strap that hung from the top of the car with my right, I pulled myself up, shoved my feet and legs out of the window and let go.

There was a prayer on my lips as I went out, and I expected a bullet between my shoulders, but it was all over in an instant.

I landed on my left side and face, burying my face in the rock ballast, cutting it open and closing my left eye, skimming my hands and shins and straining my ankle. For a few moments I was completely knocked out, and if they shot at me through the window, in the first moments after my escape, I had no way of knowing.

Of course, if they could have stopped the train right then, they could easily have recaptured me, but at the speed it was going and in the confusion which must have followed my escape, they probably didn't stop within half of a mile from the spot where I lay.

I came to within a few minutes and when I examined myself and found no bones broken, I didn't stop to worry about my cuts and bruises, but jumped up with the idea of putting as great a distance between me and that track as possible before daylight came. Still being dazed, I forgot all about the barbed wire fence along the right of way and ran full tilt into it. Right there I lost one of my two precious pieces of bread, which fell out of my knapsack, but I could not stop to look for it then.

The one thing that was uppermost in my mind was that for the moment I was free, and it was up to me now to make the most of my liberty.

Traveling at night and hiding by day, subsisting on raw vegetables stolen from gardens, O'Brien crawls through Germany and Luxembourg toward Belgium. Some of the terrible hardships that he endured and the perils that he encountered are described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Spanish Cedar Sawdust.

Some curious uses are found for the better kinds of sawdust. One of these pertains to the Spanish cedar sawdust, which is of extreme lightness. It is employed for packing cheap chemicals contained in glass and shipped for long distances. In this relation there must be taken into consideration the question of weight and freight charges, and so Spanish cedar sawdust enters the equation.

Vibrations Ear Can Detect.

The ordinary human ear can detect a tone whose vibration rate is at least 25,000 vibrations a second, while the whistle will produce 50,000 a second. This upper limit varies with the age of the individual to such an extent that, if the upper limit at sixteen years of age were 50,000 vibrations, at sixty years of age it would be about 25,000 a second.

LEARNING ART of DECEPTION

Women
as Well as Men
Are Now Trained
as Camoufleurs for
Service With the
United States
Army

RECENT orders of the government to the engineering department of the United States army to stop enlisting men as camoufleurs in a special camouflaging division ends a chapter in military camouflaging in America. A little more than a year ago it was doubtful whether or not the army would have any great use for camoufleurs in the forces abroad. By the recent decree military camouflaging is made an essential in every regiment, like engineering, trench digging, map making, road building, and sharpshooting. There are now, according to military camoufleurs in New York city, about 500 expert camoufleurs abroad with the Pershing forces. The new order makes it necessary for each regiment in every training camp on this side to have at least 10 camoufleurs to train other men in the new art of camouflaging. Whence will these new camoufleurs come? Who is to make them proficient, when even the best-trained "old" military and naval men admit ignorance?

Until the airplane came in the cavalry was the scouting arm of the army, says a writer in New York Times. Now a large part of the cavalry of the United States army has been dismounted and put to machine guns. The airplane is the scout. This was the chief factor in raising camouflaging to its present rank of importance. A mounted scout could scarcely be deceived by artificial camouflaging. Now the scout passing at heights of about 1,500 feet cannot tell whether the camouflaging, if clever, is artificial. His task, however, is not so easy to fool. It will record many things which escape the eye.

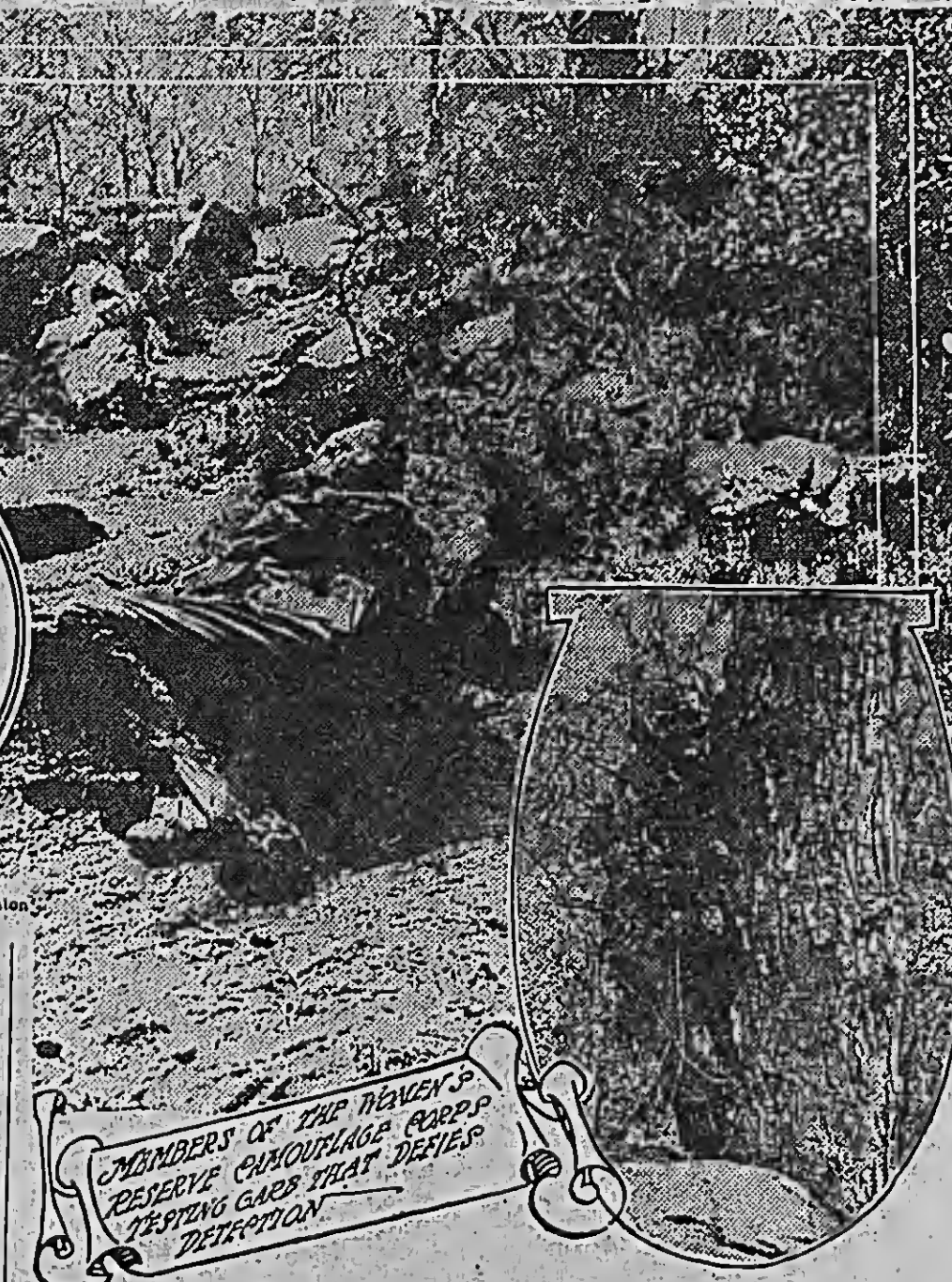
For that reason lights and shades, depressions and knolls in the terrain, and shadows have to be carefully studied by the military camoufleur. That makes it necessary for him to know shade and tone value as they register on the eye of the birdman and on the camera lens.

Under the instruction of Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle of the Seventy-first Infantry, is the New York division of military camouflaging, in which the men belong to the new National army and wear the uniform and insignia of the engineers, and on the sleeve the letters "M. C."—Military Camoufleur. They include landscape gardeners, artists, miniature painters, portrait painters, photographers, woodworkers, mural decorators, draftsmen, and engineers. It is probable that these men will be used to instruct the various regiments in military camouflaging.

Methods of Teaching.

An observer need only follow these camoufleurs to the 60-acre tract which the city of Yonkers donated to Lieutenant Towle for camouflaging work, or into their great classroom in New York city, to get an idea of the chief methods of teaching the value of depressions, color values, lights and shades, and locations. There are adjustable wires that lift the miniature terrain boards to just the desired slant, so that the soldier can view them from the angle of a sharpshooter, as if from an airplane, from the rear or from in front. Gauzy curtains create an illusion of various lights at different hours. Thus light blue curtains make the twilight just before dawn. Light rose and blue and yellow make dawn, noonday, and dusk curtains the evening.

From 1,500 feet telephone poles, camouflaged, disappear. Dugouts with a path crossing over the roof are like the side of the hill. Even the grimy, blue and red calsson wagon moving along the road is a blur of color. Canvases in triangular shape tied to



MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK RESERVE CAMOUFLAGE PARTY TESTING CAMOUFLAGE.

the foot of the telephone poles, outward and on both sides, conceal the road. To an observer on foot or in the air at a thousand feet the hill looks deserted—an almost treeless plain with no distinguishing feature save a neglected old path. Yet that hillside harbors six dugouts, several observation and listening posts, men, machine guns, and a network of telephone wires.

Beyond Yonkers there are trench sections with "No Man's Land" and its barbed wire entanglements and dugouts. The trenches are dug so deep that the heads of the men do not show above the surface, and the sod removed to dig them is replaced. The openings of the dugouts of the trenches are not, as is sometimes supposed, far behind the trenches. They are in the trenches with the entrance on the enemy side. Bombs may fall in the mouth of the dugout, but seldom inside.

"The obvious is sometimes as good as the invisible," Lieutenant Towle said recently. "For instance, the famous dummy fleet the British used. Another camouflaging to which the Germans were dupes was a red cannon, secretly camouflaged, placed by the British at the summit of a hill. The cannon was visible to every German scout flying over it, but it seemed so obviously a fake that not a single enemy bomb was dropped on it. Yet it held its position for a long time, and at night poured its stream of fire into the enemy."

"The same idea is carried out by the American camoufleurs, who model dummy men and guns for decoys. The enemy air scout sees a partly camouflaged cannon or machine gun with its men bending over it at work and the smoke pouring from its nozzle intermittently. He cannot see, completely hidden from view, a real cannon whose men are firing a deadly volley from under cover, and whose ammunition comes to them through tunnels."

"Such experiments are being made by the military camoufleurs at Yonkers. There are other tricks to be learned, for they also do their own painting of army equipment before using it. Although an ambulance or army truck may not be entirely invisible on account of the various backgrounds it must pass, it can be mottled into a very poor target. In motion it will appear as a blur caused by heat rays, for it is mottled in the colors whose values constitute colors which the sun's rays would make."

Natural Camouflage Discarded.

At first natural camouflage was used almost entirely. A clump of trees and brush hid a whole machine gun company, a group of rocks harbored a listening post, and a deserted mill might hold a regiment. But the enemy has learned that even the "trees and stones hear," and a natural camouflaged refuge is never safe wholly from air attack now. The most innocent seeming object is now useless as an "object," and therefore a target for the scout, whereas a perfectly smooth hillside, with no distinguishing marks, may be almost entirely undetected, and yet not arouse suspicion.

Lieutenant Towle's men learn cam-

ouflage from the defensive and offensive points of view—how to advance under cover and how to defend themselves under cover. They have invented, scouting and camoufleurs' sharpshooters' suits which, when worn by the soldier, make him appear like a bit of the landscape, as a boulder, a log, a stump, or a part of the foliage of a tree.

Women Being Trained.

American women camoufleurs are being trained according to the same method as the men, under the Women's League for National Service and under Lieutenant Towle. Discussing their work, he said:

"There isn't any reason why the women shouldn't do as well as the men as camoufleurs—that is, in making the materials behind the lines. It isn't heavy work, but it demands ingenious workers, skilled in details."

Tryon Hall, the old C. K. G. Billings place on Washington Heights, bought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to be given, ultimately, to the city for a park, is the spot chosen for the practical experimental work by the women. Either they go with Lieutenant Towle to try out their camouflaging suits and be photographed, wearing them, in different positions, to see that they blend with different colors of the landscape and would be invisible to the enemy not only on the firing line but on the plates of the enemy photographer.

This is the most serious work that has been undertaken under the auspices of the National League for Woman's Service. The members of the camouflaging corps, of whom there are about 40, confidently expect to cross the water to assist in the camouflaging work at which English and French women are already busy.

They will not be accepted by the government as regular workers and enlisted for the service until they have completed their training and shown that they have made good, but the fact that Lieutenant Towle is on leave in order to instruct them is sufficient proof that their work will be considered.

No Age Limit for Women.

There is no age limit, up or down, for women joining the corps, but each member must have had some practical technical training before she joins. This keeps from the corps very young girls. The members are young women who are self-supporting. They are artists, architects, metal workers, wood carvers, photographers, etc. It is an exceptionally versatile and responsible group. They take a three months' course under Lieutenant Towle.

Each member of the class makes and develops her own camouflaging suit, according to her own ideas, with the foundation of instruction that she has received. Suits as they have been constructed by the girls so far are in one piece, like a diver's suit, with a hood covering the head. A human face shows white in the distance and the corps is experimenting with veils as face coverings.

Earth brown is the usual foundation color, and upon this go yellows, greens, grays, and splashes of black.

Pottery the Oldest Art.

Pottery is the oldest, the longest and most widely diffused of all human arts. Its history, it is recorded, would be as old as the history of man; its recorded history begins with the building of the tower of Babel. The oldest pottery known is Egyptian, but every people, civilized or barbarian, has practiced the art in one or another form. All study in every department of art begins at a period not long after the Mesolithic deluge, but pottery is the earliest of all forms of art.

WAS SWINDLER FOR 50 YEARS

Death of Jim Jordan Closes Career of Picturesque Character.

HIS VICTIMS ARE MANY

Gold Brick Artist of Early Border Days, Who Stole Millions, Dies in Baltimore Hospital Dead Broke.

Baltimore, Md.—The death of Jim Jordan at the ripe age of seventy-five years in the Johns Hopkins hospital, has brought to an end the career of one of the greatest and most picturesque swindlers that America has ever produced. Jordan was not a "rogue" or a "gunman" or a "holdup man." He played the confidence game in the early border days, when three-card monte was the center of attractions in the numerous gambling saloons in the West, and later sold "gold bricks" to the innocent tenderfoots. Toward the end of his career as a confidence man Jordan became a poker shark. He crossed the Atlantic on the luxurious, well-equipped liners and never was averse to play a "quiet little game." He made a fortune estimated at a million during the half century he operated as a confidence man, but when he died he ran true to form and was broke.

Began Career as "Steerer."

Jordan served his apprenticeship under "Canada Bill," the most successful confidence man who roamed the West during the early days. He first was employed as a "steerer," but showed such early proficiency that he rapidly came to be full partner to "Canada Bill." Jordan soon abandoned the monte game and went into the broader and more lucrative field afforded by the "gold brick" industry, and rose step by step to be one of the most successful poker sharks that operated on trans-Atlantic liners plying between New York city and European ports.

Jordan had a close call on the ill-fated Titanic, which was destroyed at sea several years ago. The swindler had been booked for passage and would have sailed had not the steward discovered his identity.

Jim killed two and perhaps three men in the early days of the West. One of his victims was "Bill" Matthews, killed in Chicago. Jordan made a run for it and reached California, but came back and was picked up by the police in a Chicago cafe. Jim was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary. He served four years when he was pardoned. Jim then joined up with some railroad gamblers and went to Denver, Colo., where he



He Shot Cliff Sparks.

shot Cliff Sparks, an innocent bystander, in a fight in a gambling house. They didn't hang a man in those days for mistakes and Jordan came clear.

"Sports" of Border Days.

In the early border days Jordan's name was known throughout the West. With his partner, "Canada Bill," headquarters were established at the famous Marble Hall, the rendezvous of "sports." They posed as farmers and didn't need any money. During the Leadville excitement Jordan and several of his confederates organized a gang that worked the cattle ranch, game near Denver, Colo. They secured a small ranch of about forty acres that had a wide range extending into the foothills. In those days there were many Englishmen going to the West looking for ranch investments and some of these visitors knew very little about Western ways.

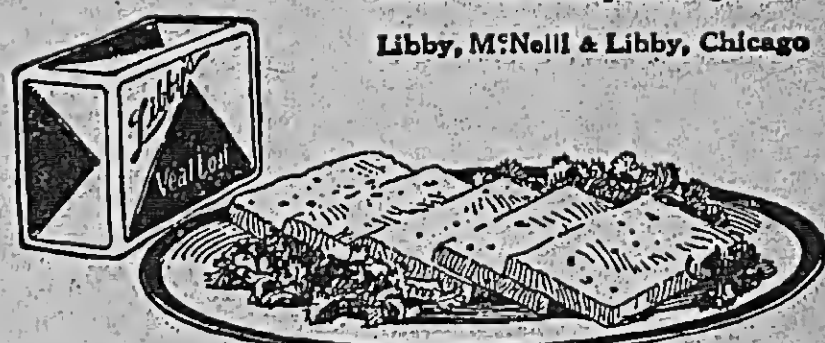
Jordan would get in touch with one of these tenderfoots and take him out to his ranch where he would round up a number of cowboys who would teach "headquarters" just for the fun of triumphing their guest. They would have a fake ranch superintendent and a fake set of books, showing how many calves they had branded that season. They would point to the wide expanse around their miniature ranch and call it their range. Jordan and his gang probably sold the ranch a dozen times for big figures.

Libby's Tempting veal loaf

WHAT is more tempting for a summer luncheon than Libby's savory Veal Loaf? Pretty garnished it makes a dainty yet substantial dish—and one all ready to put on the table!

Order Libby's Veal Loaf today. You will want it always on your shelves—for quick lunches—on unexpected guests.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



Help Save the Harvest

When Our Own Harvest Requirements Are Completed United States Help Badly Needed Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for

Help to Harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918

Meets with a request for all available assistance to GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

The Allied Armies must be fed and therefore it is necessary to save every bit of the crop of the Continent—American and Canadian.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a

Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Find Comfortable Homes A card entitling the holder to a rate of one cent per mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return will be given to all harvest applicants.

Every facility will be afforded for admission into Canada and return to the United States.

Information as to wages, railway rates and routes may be had from the UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE CHICAGO, BLOOMINGTON, AURORA, DECATUR, ELGIN, GALESBURG, PEORIA, ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, SPRINGFIELD.

Grit!

They were motorlog, and he bade defiance to all police traps. "We're going at fifty miles an hour," he said. "Are you brave?"

She (swallowing) another pint of dust)—Yes, dear, I'm full of grit.

Paradoxical Outlook.

"I am working on a midwestern story." "Do you think you can lead it?"

Tell a plump girl she is getting fat and she will have no further use for you.

Safety, First.

"You make it a rule never to smoke when filling your car with gasoline." "Yes," declared Mr. Chuggins. "When I buy gasoline I can't afford to smoke."

Caveat Emptor.

Grocer—"Did that watermelon I sold you do for your whole family?" Customer—"Very nearly. The doctor is calling yet."

When the opposing attorney offers to compromise it means that you have a good case.

WEAK KIDNEYS MEAN A WEAK BODY

When you're fifty, your body begins to creak a little at the hinges. Motion is more slow and deliberate. "Not so young as I used to be" is a frequent and unwelcome thought. Certain bodily functions upon which good health and good spirit so much depend, are impaired. The weak spot is generally the bladder. Unpleasant symptoms show themselves. Painful and annoying complications in other organs arise. This is particularly true with elderly people. If you only know how, this trouble can be obviated.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Harelem Oil has been relieving the inconvenience and pain due to advancing years. It is a standard, old-time home remedy, and needs no introduction. It is now put up in odorless, tasteless capsules. These are easier and more pleasant to take than the oil in bottles.

Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill, with a small swallow of water. They soak into the system and throw off the poisons which are making you old before your time. They will quickly relieve

those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs.

GOLD MEDAL Harelem Oil Capsules cleanse the kidneys and purify the blood. They frequently ward off attacks of the dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys. They have a beneficial effect, and often completely cure the disease of the bodily organs, allied with the bladder and kidneys.

If you are troubled with soreness across the loins or with "simple" aches and pains in the back take warning; it may be the preliminary indications of some dreadful malady which can be warded off or cured if taken in time.

Go to your druggist today and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Harelem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original imported Harelem Oil Capsules. Accept No Substitutes.—Adv.

Do This After You Eat

Hot Weather "Out of Fix" Stomachs Easily Put Right

When hot weather comes, stomach and bowel miseries begin. Strong, sound stomachs as well as weak ones are easily affected by the harmful gases and acids so often produced in the things we eat and drink during hot weather. Winter—Nature's ice-box, is gone—hot weather breeds the poisonous germs that cause ptomaine poison in all its many forms.

Every one knows that the after-eating nausea, belching, that wretched, bloated, "lumpy" feeling, sour stomach, heartburn, food repeating, and other forms of indigestion and dyspepsia are far more frequent during hot weather. It is the time when you have to guard constantly against an upset stomach and the many ills that are always apt to follow. Then again—we have the world's war to win—with the change of diet and extra work which means we must all carefully guard our stomachs this year—keep ourselves fit and fine.

A marvelous relief and prevention has been found for stomach sufferers, which makes it possible for you to eat the things you like best without a

single unpleasant thought of what may follow. EATONIO Tablets, good tasting, quick acting, and absolutely harmless, have already proven an untold blessing to thousands of people.

One or two EATONIO Tablets after meals work wonders. They sweeten and purify the stomach by neutralizing the trouble-making acids and gases and stop the gripping pains of indigestion and other stomach and bowel disturbances.

And the best part of it is—you can buy your own judge. Just try EATONIO. Let your own stomach tell you the truth. If you are not pleased then they don't cost you any penny.

Druggists are amazed at the astonishing reports from EATONIO users, who have found EATONIO a quick, wonderful relief for stomach ailments.

So we tell you to get a large box of EATONIO from your druggist, whom you know and can trust, and then return it to your druggist at once and get back your money. That's a fair square offer. Every person is urged to make the test. Let your own stomach tell you the truth. So start using EATONIO today.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Crops of corn are being burned in Argentina because of a lack of ships in which to export the cereal.

Losses from fire in the United States increased over \$40,000,000 last year, due to war conditions and the speeding up of industries.

The anthracite coal strike of 1902 began May 12 and ended October 21. The employees involved numbered about 147,500. The estimated total loss was \$20,210,000.

Building trades returns from 35 Canadian cities for a recent month indicate that employment decreased more than 42 per cent, as compared with the previous month, and over 46 per cent, as compared with the same month in 1917.

The royal borough of Kensington, England, now maintains three communal kitchens, which serve excellent meals for 12 cents. The menu is: Soup, 2 cents; fishcakes, 4 cents; half-portion of potatoes and cabbage, 2 cents; corn flour mold, 4 cents.



WILLIAM A. ROSING

Antioch's Candidate for County Treasurer

Four years ago he received the very loyal support of a great group of friends and acquaintances. Since that time he has built up a substantial business in this village, and believes that all who supported him four years ago will support him at the present time.

He proposes to conduct a clean cut campaign, using no personalities. If elected, he promises the voters of Lake county to place the county money in safe depositories and to obtain for the public money the largest commercial rate of interest possible.

He may not be able to meet all the voters of Lake county, but promises as efficient an administration of the office of County Treasurer, if elected, as he has maintained in the transaction of his own business.

A Cigar of Merit

"EL RECTOR"

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

Factory 2201-2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill. PHIL. C. NIEMAN, Maker
Phone Canal 4478
OFFICE, 1204 S. LEAVITT ST

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Broker

Diamonds, watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores.
24 North Dearborn St. Chicago

A. HADLOCK, Oph. M.

Optometrist

Eye Glasses Scientifically Fitted
At Keulman's Jewelry Store
Antioch, Ill.

LOTUS CAMP NO. 557 M. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in the Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.

J. C. JAMES, Clerk. NORRIS PROCTOR, V. C.

L. G. STRANG

Licensed Embalmer and
Funeral Director

ANTIOCH, ILL.

PHONE 128-R
ALSO FARMER'S LINE

W. G. Bragg

Teacher of Violin

Associate teacher of Chas. K. Lindsay
Studio in Opera House Block
Reference
Dr. F. S. Morrell, Antioch

INGALLS BROS.

OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McCormick
OPTICAL COLLEGE
EYES TESTED
GLASSES FITTED
ARTIFICIAL EYES

HELEN WOODROW BONES



A new photograph of Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, cousin of the president, who leaves her home at the White House every morning to fill her position as information desk girl at the headquarters of the District of Columbia chapter of the Red Cross. Formerly she did canteen work, assisting in serving meals to soldiers passing through Washington.

SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN



Rt. Hon. Sir Maurice de Bunsen heads a special mission sent by King George to discuss the intricate economic conditions and questions which have arisen between South American countries and Great Britain because of the war.

MAJ. PAUL T. DESSEZ



The splendid work of Maj. Paul T. Dessez of Washington, a regimental surgeon with the American army at the French front, has occasioned a special story about him from one of the correspondents in the war zone. Wounded American and French soldiers covered the floor of a barn in which he was working, and during the height of his labors he was buried by shellfire. Digging himself out, he went right on operating.

CHRISTIAN GIRL



Christian Girl, whose name has been a fertile subject for paragraphers, is one of the many civilians who are quietly fitting into the war department's strenuous work. It is Mr. Girl's job to see that the army gets all the motor trucks it needs.

"WANTED"

By MARIAN T. CARTER.

"Say, Jack, that is a crackjack idea," exclaimed Tom Stevens, as his chin finished explaining his plan to bring Beth Butterfield, Tom's sweetheart, to terms. "I'll bet if she saw such an advertisement she'd answer it, just for the mischief of doing something odd."

The next day there appeared in the *Schenectady Summer News* columns the following:

"Wanted—A young gentleman with a good reputation would like to correspond with a young lady in the summer colony. T 83."

A few days later in Tom's morning mail was a large envelope from the newspaper office enclosing three letters in answer to his advertisement. The first two he opened very uninterestedly and from girls he did not know, but the last one was the one he wanted. Beth had written!

It was a very formal little note, exactly like Beth, but it gave Tom the opening he desired. Tom answered it and a few days later another letter arrived. This was surely a humane letter on Tom's part, for since his proposal Beth Butterfield had treated him very coolly and now, although unknown to herself, she was corresponding with him.

She had said when she refused to become engaged to Tom that she wanted "to have a good time and not be tied to any one man." Well, she surely seemed to be having a good time from what Tom could make out. Dances, tennis, canoeing, swimming, and all the other things that go with a good time at the beach.

After their correspondence had gone on about two months Tom decided it was time to take definite steps, so in his next letter he asked if he could call and meet the young lady who had given him so much pleasure through the summer. One week passed and then another, and Tom decided to write again. The next morning he found a short note, saying that a meeting would be impossible, for she expected to leave very shortly.

But fortune always favors a true lover. There was to be a dance at the Casino that very evening, and Tom knew that Beth intended to go. Yes, he would go, too, and see if things could not be straightened out that very night.

When evening came Tom dressed for the dance and also slipped into his pocket two of the letters Beth had written, including the last one. The dancers were all busy filling out their dance cards when Tom got there, so he immediately began to fill his own out. As he approached Beth, she turned slightly away, but Tom, undaunted, pretended not to notice her movement and politely asked for her card. He took several of her dances, including the first, those at intermission, and the last. Poor Beth, what could she do? Everyone was watching her, anyway; for they knew that she had refused Tom once before. When he returned her card she bowed slightly but said nothing.

At intermission Tom managed to get Beth out into the conservatory, and then asked her again if she would marry him.

"I think you rather ought to, since you have been corresponding with me nearly all summer," said Tom.

"I have not!" exclaimed Beth, and stamped her foot; but because she remembered that she had corresponded with an unknown young man she flushed guiltily.

"Yes, dear, you have; see?" And Tom held out the letters he had in his pocket.

"Oh, how did you get those letters? Why, I thought I was corresponding with a lonely fellow who knew no one here. Tom Stevens, you are the meanest, meanest boy!" And she broke down and cried.

This was too much for Tom. He took Beth in his arms and kissed the little wet cheeks, murmuring:

"Dearest, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I was determined to make you love me. I couldn't live without you, dear. Can't you say you love me now, Beth, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Tom," whispered Beth. "I've had all the good times I want, and I want you now, all the time, Tom, dear."

Tom's voice was husky when he next spoke. "My own little girl," and he bent and humbly kissed the upturned lips.

After the dance they walked home through the quiet streets happily planning their future.

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Coonskin Brought High Price.

A coonskin trapped in southeast Missouri recently sold at \$875 at a London fur auction. N. Goldsmith, head of a Calro (Ill.) fur company, sent a shipment of skins to London and included a particularly pretty coonskin. He requested that it be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds donated to some war charity. He was informed by cable that the pelt brought £180, the money being given to the prisoners-of-war fund.

Nuts and Fruit.

The government is not calling upon us to give up all of our toothsome dishes, but to be economical in the use of those commodities which are scarce. Nuts and fruit have not been tabooed, and these will be found to add much to the dishes, and especially to give to our daily bread a new and very delightful flavor. People's Home Journal.

Her Short Suit His Long One.

Mrs. Styles—Isn't her dress a poem? Mr. Styles—Yes, dear, and it has a characteristic that I enjoy in poems. "What is that, pray?" "It's short."

NANCY WAS ARMED

Demure Little Goat There With the Hatpin.

As a Result a Very Surprised and Disconsolate Dog "Stood Not Upon the Order of His Going," but Fled Hastily.

My Nancy is as trim and charming a little goat as you ever wish to see. She wears a fawn-colored coat with cream trimmings, has confiding ways, and yet a gentle dignity, which should protect her. Since she dedicated herself to leading the yearling colts in the barnyard she has seen little of the outside world. Indeed she is one of the least sophisticated of her kind.

I had a right to be alarmed when a dissolute vagabond of a dog leaped over the fence and began harrying the colts; much more was I troubled when Nancy arose from a sleaz in the hay loft and lightly dropped from the hay door to the ground. For that degenerate collic fastened upon her a lustful eye; the twitch of his nostril boded ill from the start. And yet he should have undoubted a creature of such gymnastic ability, however much she smelled like a simple sheep.

He boldly approached her; she tried to discourage his attentions and set a good example to the colts by maintaining a cold and unseeing gaze. He came the closer. Now she stepped away, stiffly, very much on her dignity. He followed up. She stood still, obstinately turning her back to his attentions. This disconcerted him; he had planned to catch her by the throat. Cautiously he edged over to the side; she let him come. He gathered himself to leap upon her. Then as he arose, she flashed about; he landed with his diaphragm poised on her slender horns.

A fatal injury was not within her power, but it was not needed. He sprawled to earth with an anguished yelp, lit running, and cleared the gate at his second leap. That was no gyrfalcon, no masterful betrayer, self-confident of his allure, that feeble form which spewed gravel behind each eager stride.

Nancy watched it go. There seemed almost an expression of regret in her amber eyes; she twiddled an impatient tail, then, primmer than ever, went to finish her nap. But a diversion had been welcome in the virtuous monotony of her days—and the good old hatpin trick worked again.—John Breck in *Detroit Free Press*.

Insisted Neighbor Was "Devil."

She was a motherly old soul who wore glasses and she insisted, vehemently, that "that woman next door was a regular devil."

And when the police court complaint clerk asked her to explain further she said: "She's a spiritist. She sits up all night putting evil thoughts into my head. She won't let me sleep."

It was a declaration that made the woman next the motherly old soul at the counter open one eye wide in amazement. That woman couldn't open both eyes, for her husband had blinked and closed one.

The complaint clerk tried to soothe the motherly old woman, but she kept on insisting that her neighbor sat up nights transferring evil thought from bedroom to bedroom. She wanted something done, she said, for, as she insisted over and over, "No decent person can do that."

The clerk had to humor her and it was a long time before he finally got rid of her.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Trouble on Parnassus.

The Poetry Society of America appears to be stumped. Its constitution falls to provide for the dropping of a member except for non-payment of dues. There is no provision giving power to expel writers of free verse—or even bad verse. And now the executive committee wishes to erase from the society's roster the name of one who has, in his day, written good poetry, but who, it is alleged, has not been so patriotic as the executive committee thinks he should have been. In such dubious cases it is always wise to turn to "Alice in Wonderland," where the King of Hearts reads out rule 140, "one of our oldest rules," which forbade anybody more than 40 feet high attending in a courtroom. Let it be held that the offending poet is physically—not prosodically—too short or too long.—*New York Post*.

Where He Got the Other.

A Boer who fought with the British forces in the East African campaign was recently operated on for extraction of a bullet. Shortly afterward an English surgeon remarked to him: "By the by, we took two bullets out of you. Did you know there were two?" "Oh, yes," replied the Boer; "one I got from the Germans and the other from you beggars at Colenso."—*Manchester Guardian*.

When He Got Practice.

Flinthus—They say our neighbor who has gone to the war is wonderful in jumping over wire-entanglements and other obstructions.

Henshinhurst—Well, he ought to be expert at it. You know, his wife used to do housecleaning stunts four times a year.

He Had Proof.

Bobby is three years old. He has a new pair of white shoes, and on first donning them last Sunday insisted on being taken to his aunt's house to exhibit the spotless footgear.

Auntie lives several squares from Bobby's home, and before half the distance was covered Bobby gave evidence of waning enthusiasm. Finally he asked to be taken home. "I'm awful tired," he declared. "Oh, no," father answered, "you're not tired at all."

"Yes, I am," Bobby answered, beginning to sob. "It is too tired. You feel my feet dandy, and see if I isn't."

Fish Flour in Norway.

The royal Norwegian provisions department has officially announced that recent experiments at Bergen to produce bread containing 20 per cent of fish having proved successful, a trial in the same direction will now be made in Christiania.

It is the intention of the provisions department to co-operate with the state for the purchase of the necessary machinery for the preparation of the fish, which will be mixed with bread grain in order to make the ration-burger. The bread prepared in this manner is said to be good and palatable.

PROFITABLE ERROR

By GEORGIA SMITH

It all began by my following an impulse to ride on the merry-go-round at Old Orchard last summer. I felt extremely foolish after seating myself on one of the prancing ponies and glanced around at the people standing near, hoping I should see no one I knew. Carefully I inspected the crowd and recognized none of them, so proceeded to enjoy my ride.

Soon a young man walked around the corner of the ticket stand and stopped in front of the now moving horses. It was Tom Campbell, the very same tall, good-looking Tom I had chummed around with in Lawrence a year or so before. Through a slight misunderstanding, before my return to Maine, I had lost track of him, which fully explained my surprise on seeing him at this summer resort. In spite of our disagreement I still held a friendly feeling toward him and thrilled with pleasure at seeing him once again.

"As soon as this merry-go-round stops I will go and speak to him," I reassured myself. Thus thinking, I kept my eyes on him at every turn, waiting for him to glance in my direction. He soon spied me in my ridiculous position, and I smiled toward him. Again he looked at me, then turning walked to the end of the pier.

This was too much for my reasoning ability and utterly unlike Tom. Therefore I felt inclined to think he still remembered our difference of the previous year. Otherwise how could he have failed to recognize me?

The fault having been mine, I hastened after him as soon as the merry-go-round slowed down, intent upon becoming friends again. He was soon found leaning idly against the pier railing, watching the waves on the beach below.

"Won't you speak to an old friend, Tom?" I began.

"Yes—or—indeed; of course I am glad to speak to you, Miss—"

This last was followed by a significant pause. At his first words I had looked at his face again. Looking at him at close range showed me not Tom Campbell but a darker looking young man, greatly resembling Tom. I was frightened at my mistake and could not speak.

"Really you must pardon my forgetfulness, but your name has actually slipped my mind."

His voice stirred me and I hastened to apologize, explaining how I had mistaken him for Mr. Campbell, a friend of mine. Very politely he told me his name, that his home was far from Lawrence—in fact, he lived in Canada, and while he was sorry he wasn't the original Mr. Campbell, he had no grievance against being mistaken for him.

"Perhaps it was my frank, good-natured smile that won me. At any rate, I soon found myself laughing over my mistake, and he appeared so little like a stranger that I told him my name and where I was staying. With that I dared not prolong the scene further, for fear he would mistake my latent."

Joining my friends again, I returned to the cottage, my thoughts far from their ever-cheering chatter. Several times during the following week we passed on the beach. At first he merely tipped his hat, while I acknowledged his greeting with a smile, and as I thought, very proper. "How do you do?" The situation amused me, and when he stopped me on one of my morning walks to ask permission to accompany me, I put formality aside and gave him permission. A few such meetings left me firmly convinced that if there wasn't such a thing as love at first sight there surely was at second or third sight.

Fate befriended us and we were formally introduced at one of the cottages where I visited now and then. Then followed a series of walks, excursions, boating trips and dances, ending in my return to town at the end of the season the proud possessor of a bright new diamond ring and his return to Canada to prepare for an early wedding.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

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Electric Cooking Utensils

They are distinctly economical; their use of current in performing the task set for them is short, which means the quantity is small. Ask for their

Convenience

Just ask anyone who owns a toaster, or percolator, or grill, or disc stove.

We Sell 'em

Public Service Co.
of Northern Ills.

DR. L. H. COULSON

Veterinarian

Both Phones Grayslake, Ill.

For Electric

lighting, fixtures, motors, irons, ranges, washing machines and all other power and heating devices see Cash or easy payment

P. D. SKILBECK,

Phone, 48-J Grays Lake

House wiring our specialty

Sequoia Lodge No. 827 A.F. & A. M.

Holds regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.

FRANK HUBER, Sec'y. P. O. HAWKINS, W. M.

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

JULIA ROSENFELDT, W. M.

IDA OGDON, Sec'y

BANK OF ANTIOCH

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business
J. E. BROOK, Banker

Local and Personal Happenings

Antioch Cash Shoe Store annex. Shoe sale starts Saturday, Aug. 10.

A few boy's suits well worth the money, at Webb's.

Band concert on Main street tomorrow evening.

Boy's work shoes \$2.25 and up, at Webb's.

"For Valour" at the Majestic Sunday evening.

Miss Genevieve Willis is visiting relatives at Bassett's.

The sewer gang left town bag and baggage Wednesday evening.

Saturday at the Majestic "The Price of a Good Time". Admission 11 and 22.

Vincent Dupre was home from the Great Lakes Training Station over Sunday.

Mrs. D. A. Williams is entertaining her sister and husband from Sharon, Wis.

Don't fail to see "The Price of a Good Time" at the Majestic Saturday evening.

Bert Bown has purchased the Frank Palmer residence on Ida avenue, in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kandlik are the proud parents of a little son, born Monday, Aug. 6.

Jack and the Bean Stalk at the Crystal this (Thursday) evening for the benefit of the Boy Scouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Strang and Mrs. P. O. Hawkins spent Wednesday at Great Lakes training station.

List your farms for sale with T. J. Stahl & Co., Waukegan, the men who show results. Phone 237-238.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trieger and daughter Ella of Norwood Park visited relatives in this vicinity Wednesday.

Misses Belle Hughes, Aneta Hucker and Anna Drom returned home Saturday after attending summer school at Dekalb.

There is going to be all kinds of amusements at the Episcopal bazaar in the opera house on Wednesday, Aug. 14. Cantata and dance in the evening.

Threshing is now on and the farmers are reporting record breaking wheat crops for this locality. The wheat is averaging about forty-two bushels per acre.

Don't forget the date, sale starts on Saturday, Aug. 10. Antioch Cash Shoe Store, Antioch.

Howard Riggs of LaFayette, Ind., spent a few days at the home of Mrs. J. L. Harden this week. Mr. Riggs was enroute to his home after a business trip to Washington, D. C.

The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. church, Wednesday, August 14, at 2:30 o'clock. Members are urged to be present, as officers for the ensuing year are to be elected at this meeting. L. M. Jones, Sec.

Maude Evelyn Harden left Saturday after spending the past six weeks with her mother south of town. Miss Harden directs the Red Cross work under the head of vocational school at LaFayette, Ind.

Miss Addie Schaffer is at the present time visiting with relatives at Corlis and Burlington. Upon her return about the middle of August she will be accompanied by an up-to-date trimmer and will open up her millinery parlor with a complete line of the newest and latest fall millinery.

Last Saturday forenoon while little Bobbie Belter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Belter was standing in front of the postoffice he was approached by a vicious dog and before bystanders could interfere the animal had sunk its teeth into the fleshy part of the child's hand at the base of the thumb. The act was witnessed by a number of men one of whom caught the child up in his arms and rushed upstairs to Dr. Warriner's office. The doctor was not in at the time, so Dr. Morrell applied first aid remedies and later Dr. Warriner cared for the wound. At present Bobbie is getting along fine and feeling no ill effects from the experience.

When the Antioch band boys purchased their suits this spring they went into debt to the extent of \$120. At their dance last Friday evening they cleared \$41, and at the band concert last Friday evening a collection was taken up that amounted to \$3.45, this added to the \$20 which they had in the treasury now gives them the total of \$64.45 and they are in hopes to soon wipe out their indebtedness. The band is making considerable progress and their weekly concerts are the means of drawing big crowds to town every Friday night. They have lost three members by reason of the war but have a number of recruits in training who will be able to fill the vacancies in a short time.

Don't forget the Antioch Cash Shoe Store sale starts Saturday, Aug. 10.

L. B. Grice was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Next Wednesday at the Majestic "The Inner Shine".

Men's work shoes that beats them all at \$2.25, at Webb's.

The Official War Review at the Majestic every Monday evening.

"The Sudden Gentleman" at the Majestic Monday evening.

Dr. F. S. Morrell attended the State Dental convention in Chicago Monday.

Kahki pants and overall, in all sizes for men and boys at Webb's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Quinn of Waukegan spent Sunday with Antioch relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith are the proud parents of a little daughter, who came to their home Tuesday, Aug. 5.

Geo. Richardson is enjoying a furlough from Camp Custer and is spending it with his family at this place.

We have buyers for 40 or 50 acre farms near Antioch. T. J. Stahl & Co., 226 W. Washington street, Waukegan.

Dr. C. H. Barber, will be in Antioch hereafter on the last Sunday in each month. Those wishing glasses please call at H. J. Barber's on Aug. 25.

There will be mass at St. Peter's church, Antioch every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. At Lake Villa at 9:00 o'clock. At Ingleside at 9:00 o'clock and at Fox Lake (Mineola) at 10:15.

The sewer job is just about completed, and the machinery was last Saturday, loaded for shipment to Clearo, where their next job is to be. Work at the septic tank is also progressing quite rapidly.

If you are looking for bargains—genuine—Antioch Cash Shoe Store sale starts Saturday, Aug. 10.

Miss Viola Kuhnert spent Sunday in Milwaukee with relatives. Her cousin, Mrs. Leigh accompanied her home for a visit.

Mrs. Harmon Garwood was called to Chicago the first of the week by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Wheeler of Forest Park.

It has at last been decided that we are not to have all on our streets this summer. But we understand the board is making arrangements to provide us with sprinkling.

The Rev. Chester Hill of St. Lawrence's church at Libertyville will visit St. Ignatius church Sunday, Aug. 11. The Sunday after Trinity and celebrate the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 and 11:00 a. m.

A citizen of the Village asks us why in the world seats aren't provided for the band boys so they won't have to hustle chairs before each free band concert? We can't answer it, we have been thinking the same ourselves.

The Episcopal bazaar will be held in the Antioch opera house Wednesday August 14, opening at 10:30 a. m. There will be all kinds of fancy articles for sale at reasonable prices. There will be a scene from Holland, a window garden, a candy kitchen, and fortune telling. In the evening beginning at 8:15 there will be an operetta entitled "Viollet in Fairyland," and other popular specialties introducing the march of Allies, by the children of Antioch, under the direction of Bertha James Gilbert. Mr. Hancock, organist of Trinity church of Chicago for the past sixteen years will assist in the specialties, as will also, Francis Duncan, soloist of the same choir. A Jackie band will furnish the music for the grand ball that will follow the entertainment. Tickets for the entertainment 25 and 10 cents. Tickets for the dance \$1.00 including lunch.

Inseparable Musical Instruments. In modern Spanish dances one finds the woman gracefully waving a tambourine, while her male partner agitates the bones, or "castanets." The two seem to go together. Indeed, it has been so for thousands of years. They were played together as an accompaniment of amorous, and particularly of bacchanalian, dances in ancient Carthage, in Athens long before the Christian era, and in Rome.

Varying Depth of Clouds. The clouds in thunder storms may be very deep—from two to five miles and more.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Missouri and Iowa land for sale. For particulars address.

C. O. GALIGER, Clio, Iowa.

CLASSIFIED

DEPARTMENT

FOR SALE—Barber shop. Eugene Pelletier, Wilmet, Wis.

FOR SALE—A No. 1 grade buggy, nearly new. C. E. Blunt.

FOR SALE—Sears auto buggy top with 1 pair side curtains for \$1.00, at Watson's.

WANTED—A girl for dining room work at hotel for remainder of season. Phone 114 Antioch.

WANTED—A farm of 40 to 60 acres with good buildings. Inquire at this office.

FOR RENT—After August 1, the hall now occupied by the Masonic lodge. Inquire of H. J. Brogan.

FOR RENT—The old McDougall farm east of Loon Lake, 200 acres. Inquire of C. E. VanPatten, Antioch, Ill. 494.

FOR SALE—An Elgin Six in A1 condition. We demonstrate. Owner has no use for it. Goes for \$450 if taken at once. Inquire at Candy store next door to Majestic theater.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. City water and electric lights. Cool and sanitary. Phone 148 J. Inquire of Mrs. N. S. Burnett, Antioch.

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AN EXCITING SPORT

Hunting Monkeys in Burma Is Full of Thrills.

Consternation in Treetops When Gibbons Are Assailed—Travel Faster Through Trees Than Man Can Run on Ground.

Our most exciting sport at the Nanting camp was hunting monkeys, writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Harper's. Every morning we heard querulous notes, sounding much like the squealing of very young puppies, which were followed by long drawn siren wails. When the shrill notes had reached their highest pitch they would sink into low, full tones exceedingly musical.

We were inspecting a line of traps placed along a trail which led up a valley to a wide plateau when the querulous squealing abruptly ceased. We moved on, alert and tense. The trees stretched upward a full 150 feet, their tops spread out in a leafy roof. In the topmost branches of one we could just discern a dozen balls of yellow fur from which proceeded discordant wails.

It was a long range for a shotgun, but the rifles were all in camp. I fired a charge of "BB's" at the lowest monkey and as the gun roared out the treetops suddenly sprang into life. They were filled with running, leaping, hairy forms swinging at incredible speed from branch to branch—not a dozen, but a score of monkeys, yellow, brown and gray.

The one at which I had shot seemed unaffected and threw himself full twenty feet to a horizontal limb below and to the right. I fired again, and he stopped, ran a few steps forward, and swung to the under side of the branch. At the third charge he hung suspended by one arm and dropped to the ground.

We tossed him into the dry creek bed and dashed up the hill where the branches were still swaying as the monkeys traveled through the treetops. They had a long start, and it was a hopeless chase. In ten minutes they had disappeared and we turned back to find the dead animal. It was a young male, and I knew at once that it was a gibbon (Hylobates), for its long arms, round head and tailless body were unmistakable, but in every species with which I was familiar the male was black. This one was yellow and we knew it to be a prize.

For the remainder of our stay at the Nanting river camp we devoted ourselves to hunting monkeys. The gibbons soon became extremely wild. Although the same troop could usually be found in the valley where we had first discovered them, they chose hill-sides on which it was almost impossible to stalk them because of the thorny jungle. We went forward only when the calls were echoing through the jungle and stood motionless as the wailing ceased. But in spite of all our care they would see or hear us. Then in sudden silence there would be a tremor of the branches, splash after splash of leaves, and the herd would swing away through the trackless treetops.

The gibbons are well named Hylobates or "tree walkers" for they are entirely arboreal and, although awkward and almost helpless upon the ground, once their long thin hands touch a branch they become transformed into veritable spirits of the treetops. They launch themselves into space, catch a branch twenty feet away, to swing for an instant and hurl themselves to another. It is possible for them to travel through the trees faster than a man can run on open ground.

Hard on Nora.

Nora was a new servant girl in the employ of the Browns, and hardly had she been 24 hours on the job before she had the misfortune to drop a piece of roast beef on the floor.

Roast beef that has been used as a mop becomes just a little bit gritty to the taste, so Nora thought it the part of wisdom to consign it to the garbage can.

"I think, Nora," remarked Mrs. Brown, rummaging into the kitchen later in the day, "that we will have a squab of that roast beef, cut cold for supper."

"Sure, an' O'm sorry, ma'am," responded Nora, contritely, "but the cat got it when O' wasn't lookin'."

"The cat got it!" exclaimed the mistress. "What cat?"

"Jay whizz, ma'am!" rejoined Nora, considerably concerned. "Ain't there no cat?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

First Settlement on Manhattan.

The first habitations of white men on the island of Manhattan were erected in 1613. The first structures in the American metropolis were four small houses, or rather huts, and they were on the site now occupied by the skyscraper at 41 Broadway. A bronze tablet on the building at that address commemorates the beginning of New York city.

The collection of hovels gradually grew into a town, which was almost wiped out by fire in 1624. The first fort was commenced in 1625, on a site now occupied by the customhouse, the main gate of Fort Amsterdam, as it was called, opening on Bowling Green, where the first settlers played their games. In 1653 a wooden wall was constructed as a defense against a threatened invasion of New Englanders, and the site of this wall afterward became Wall street.

JALC Jontee 25c

FROM the flower gardens of all the world, from India and France, Guiana and England, the Holy Land and Italy, were gathered the fragrances that go into the making of Jontee, the New Odor of Twenty-six Flowers.

Yet never before has a talc of this quality sold at a price so low.

Face Powder Jontee 50c
Toile Jontee 25c
Combination Cream Jontee 50c

King's Drug Store

Exclusive Agents

This Week's Bargains

IN VILLAGE PROPERTY

5 room house on Orchard street. Good cellar, cistern, city water, sewer, lot 66x210, fine garden. Rents for \$10 per month. Bargain at \$1200.

8 room house on North Main St. City water, electric lights, lot 132 feet on Main street. One acre of ground. Price \$3,500.

6 room house on Park St. City water, electric lights, lot 50x150. Rents of \$10. Price 1,350.

8 room house on Park St; good, well finished, city water, electric lights, lot 60x150. Rents for \$12 per month. Price \$1,800.

9 room house on Orchard street, lot 66x300. Price \$2,500.

If you want to buy a house and lot in Antioch, call on me, or if you want a farm I have several.

J. C. JAMES

Notary Public FIRE INSURANCE Justice of the Peace

ANTIOCH MILLING CO.

Try Our New

SANO

Brand Flour

Custom Grinding of All Kinds

Let us show you what we can do

Corner Main and Railroad Streets, Antioch

Look BARGAINS Look

Antioch Cash Shoe Store ANNEX

Sale Starts Saturday, Aug. 10

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

Outdoor Church Services Popular at Capital

WASHINGTON.—Washington's latest churchgoing is out of doors. At least Sunday at five and will occur regularly until October. The district war camp community service is in charge and the navy yard band provides the music. Clergymen from all denominations make addresses, while the congregation, drawn from every state and all ages and conditions of war workers, constitutes the choir.

These outdoor services offer many amusing incidents. Prayerful posture with bended head disappears when the birdmen cut capers in the sky directly over the preacher. The drone of the biplane drowns the minister's voice, and whispers of "Look, oh, look! a nose dive—now he's righted himself"—interfere with the minister's exhortations.

The religious character of these Sunday afternoons was repeatedly stressed by the earnest young man in charge, probably because the social and sentimental side stuck out so prominently. Pretty heads resting on manly shoulders, furtive handclaspings—notes thrown from a group of sailors to a bunch of giggling girls—spurs, entangled with duffy petticoats—with the big congregation sitting around on the grass, it's natural enough that plebeian manners displace proper church behavior.

Washington is a city crowded with unattached males and females, boys training at the navy yard or at Camp Meigs and Washington university—girls from every city and hamlet. They are the nicest, cleanest, happiest young people in the world, a slice of young America which is neither the upper nor the lower crust, but they're lonesome and bored in their few leisure moments and want to play together.

How the "Boys" Outwitted the Commanding Officer

A TROOP train stopped at Laurel, Md., one morning not so long ago. On that train were hundreds of Washington boys. The commanding officer, fearing that his train would be besieged by thousands of relatives if they stopped in Union station, had the train go through to Laurel, and there rest.

It was an all-day wait, too. The boys felt pretty much cut up about being deprived of the opportunity of seeing their folks, but, of course, they said nothing.

They just did something. Nobody can get ahead of American soldiers—not even the commanding officer!

The major or colonel, or whatever rank he was, I have forgotten, was just congratulating himself on his sagacity, when the first relative from the national capital put in appearance.

"Just chance," thought the commanding officer.

Then relatives began to stream into Laurel from Washington by the score, in flocks, in droves. They came in automobiles, buggies, wagons and on foot. They came all afternoon. The boys and their folks had a great time.

I'll bet to this day the commanding officer doesn't know how the men worked it. But here is the way it was done:

Two of the men decided they were going to see their relatives. Once they had determined that much, the rest was easy.

They hopped a freight back to Washington.

When they hit Union station they made for the telephone, called up their own people and told them that the train would be at Laurel all day, and instructed them to notify friends. They tackled the telephones again. Between them they called up the relatives of nearly every man on the train and told them where they could see their boy on his way to France.

Then they hopped another freight back to Laurel.

No wonder the Yanks are going through to Berlin!

Ride on Drawspan Recommended as Novel Thrill

YOU may have taken rides in airplanes, tanks, battleships, automobiles, choo-choos, etc., but unless you have swung around on Capt. Robert L. Tilt's "craft" you have missed a mild thrill. Tilt's "craft" is the draw-bridge of the Illinois bridge. He is the senior operator and vessels which have to wait for the draw have to wait on Tilt. He doesn't keep them waiting very long.

There is a tremendous foot, a great grinding and the draw begins to operate. You are standing talking to the captain, when you feel the iron bar against which you were easily leaning begin to revolve. It revolves calmly, pleasantly, brushing you aside, as it were. But when you feel it revolving you jump as if you were shot, and nearly fall out the window into the river. Captain Tilt giggles at you, waving one arm. The draw is now well out over the river.

"What does he mean?" you wonder, looking wildly about. "Does he want me to jump out the window?"

The captain keeps on waving his arm at you.

You step to the door and look out. You see the great gap in the bridge, and on the other side the gates down and a policeman holding back automobiles.

Then it dawns upon you that the captain is merely trying to get you to a point of vantage, where you may watch the operation of the draw. So you stand at attention, while the great span screeches, the tug goes through and the span slides back into the bridge once more.

It's a novel five-minute ride.

Women Passengers Had Misjudged the Fat Man

THE car came to a sudden stop with the grinding noise that means the wheels have slipped the track. The motorman jumped out. The conductor and nine passengers followed suit, and every last woman poked her head out of the window on the trouble side.

Only one passenger kept his place. He was a fat man with two chins and the symptoms of a third. He just sat there and smiled complacently as if the only thought he had in this world was of the good breakfast he had eaten and the good dinner that was to come.

You will have your thoughts! And if you are a woman you are bound to put them in words, which accounts for one market-basket lady saying to "I'd like to have an even dozen husbands like that—with one over for good measure."

"One would be an overdose for me. But that fellow's no marryin' man! He's too set on his own good times to let himself down to any one woman. But he wasn't a fast fyer, for just then a husky black man came to the fat passenger put an arm around him, lifted him up, gave him a crutch and half carried him from the car. And the fat passenger accepted his own helplessness with the docility of a good, but not overbright child.

We are all right, women dear, take us by and large, but—

When we stop our criticizing of people and things we know nothing about this world will be wearing wings.

FRANCO-U. S. MEN CROSS THE VESLE; FISMES CAPTURED

Germany's Great Storehouse on
Aisne-Marne Front Taken
by Allied Armies.

PERSHING REPORTS GREAT VICTORY FOR AMERICANS

General Says Yanks Have Taken 8,400
German Prisoners and 133 Cannon—
Germans Retreat on Ten-Mile Front
Between Montdidier and Moreuil—
Foch's Troops Cross Aisne at Several
Points—British Take Villages
of Hamel and Dernancourt—Ameri-
cans and French Win Solissons.

London, Aug. 5.—The Germans have retired to the north bank of the Vesle and the French have effected four crossings of the river, according to information received here. The Germans are resisting stubbornly and fighting strong rearguard actions.

Yanks Help Take Fismes.
Paris, Aug. 5.—The town of Fismes, Germany's great storehouse on the Aisne-Marne battle front, has been taken by the French and American troops, according to the French official communication issued here. The French also have crossed the Vesle at several points.

Germans Retreat on Aisne.
With the French Army in France, Aug. 5.—The Germans are retreating on the left bank of the Aisne river between Bourges and Bruchy, north-west of Montdidier, on a front of five miles in extent.

Allied patrols are keeping in contact with the enemy.

Both Flanks of Huns Turned.
Paris, Aug. 5.—Both flanks of the German forces between Helms and Solissons appear to have been turned. The French have forced a crossing of the Vesle west of Helms.

Allies Cross Aisne.
German re-enforcements are reported arriving in the Solissons sector from the north. The allies continue their advance, according to latest reports, although it is held within prudent limits.

Allied forces in pursuit of the Germans have passed through veritable churning masses, strewn with the debris of war. Bodies of men and horses are mingled with broken-down vehicles alongside of monster munition dumps, some partially exploded and others intact.

Allied troops have crossed the Aisne at several points between Solissons and Venizy.

Great Victory for Yanks.
Washington, Aug. 5.—General Pershing's communique for Saturday says:

"Section A.—The full fruits of victory in the counter-offensive began so gloriously by Franco-American troops on July 18 were reaped Saturday when the enemy, who met his second defeat on the Marne, was driven in confusion beyond the line of the Vesle.

"The enemy, in spite of suffering the severest losses, has proved incapable of stemming the onslaught of our troops fighting for liberty side by side with French, British and Italian veterans. In the course of the operations 8,400 prisoners and 133 guns have been captured by our men alone.

"Section B.—There is nothing to report in this section."

A later message received from General Pershing on Sunday says: "Our troops have captured Fismes by assault and hold the south bank of the Vesle in this direction."

Retreat on Ten-Mile Front.
London, Aug. 5.—On the British front the Germans have withdrawn between Montdidier and Moreuil, a distance of ten miles.

The French hold the slopes down to the western side of the Aisne river.

The situation around Albert is somewhat obscure, but the British have been closely following the enemy and it is probable that the Germans have by now evacuated the eastern bank of the Aisne.

The villages of Hamel and Dernancourt are in the possession of the allies.

May Retreat to Ridge.
The situation is generally considered highly satisfactory and the indications seem plain that the Germans do not intend, further south, to make a permanent stand on the banks of the Aisne, but that they will retreat to the Chemin des Dunes ridge, which is one of the strongest positions in France, and for the moment will try to hold the French while getting away with their great accumulation of stores of munitions.

The allies captured the Chemin des Dunes once and may do so again.

U. S. Men on Front.
The retirement of the Germans be-

lieves Montdidier and Moreuil is over a front of approximately ten miles. On the southern half of this front American contingents have been stationed for some time.

Along the northern half of the line the French, on two occasions, have driven into the German lines so that their front before the present German withdrawal began ran along the hills dominating the Aisne river from Castel to Aubervilliers.

Foe's Line Stiffens.
With the French Army in France, Aug. 5.—German resistance along the banks of the Aisne and Vesle rivers is growing more stubborn. Allied patrols which have crossed these rivers have met with the sternest resistance.

In the neighborhood of Mulzon, on the south side of the Vesle, the Germans fought fiercely before they were forced back. The battle was especially severe around the Vantes farm and the adjacent woods. On the end of the line nearest Helms a heavy artillery duel is going on.

Allied Armies Pursue Huns.
Paris, Aug. 5.—The allied pursuit of the Germans continues, and latest reports are that only a few enemy troops remain south of the River Vesle, says the Havas agency in reviewing the situation. French patrols have crossed the Vesle at Bazoches and Jency, west and east of Fismes respectively.

Allied troops hold the entire southern bank of the Vesle between Fismes and Helms. Stubborn resistance was made by Prussian and Bavarian guards between Mulzon and Chumferring heavy losses.

Both banks of the Vesle now are under heavy artillery fire from the opposing armies.

Will Try to Halt on Aisne.
The Germans, it is believed, will try to stop at an intermediate position between the Vesle and the Aisne, but probably will not attempt a definite halt before the Aisne is reached.

The enemy has suffered serious losses in men and material. Enemy dead are scattered along all the roads leading north.

British Make Advance.
London, Aug. 5.—"We have pushed our lines forward at Pannic woods, east of Robecq," says the British official report issued here.

"Hostile artillery is active south of Ypres."

Germans Lose 350,000.
Dispatches showed the tremendous cost paid by the Germans in their fifth drive of the year, which began July 15, and in the Foch counter-offensive.

The German casualties have been between 300,000 and 350,000, according to unofficial estimates. Of these about 40,000 are prisoners.

The number of 77-millimeter shells thus far gathered up by the allies is put at 1,500,000.

French Capture 500 Guns.
More than 500 guns have been captured by one French army alone, that of General Mangin, since the beginning of the allied offensive on July 18. This army also took an equal number of trench mortars in the same period.

Each day adds to the booty captured by the allies. It will be impossible to take full stock for some time but the booty includes a considerable number of 77-millimeter guns, while 77-millimeter shells salvaged up to the present total 1,500,000.

Statement to Thrill World.
Paris, Aug. 5.—The number of prisoners captured by the allies during the last two days will thrill the allied world when announced. The Vesle river, which was flooded owing to the recent rains, has hampered the German rear guard, which were unable to ford the stream and had to fight for their lives. The most of these Germans were killed and the rest were made prisoners. Official announcement of the number of captives is anxiously awaited.

Big Base Falls.
Paris, Aug. 5.—Solissons, the western pivot of the crown prince's Aisne front, was captured by the allies late Friday.

With the fall of this big base the entire German right flank between the Aisne and the Ourcq collapsed.

Ville-en-Tardenois, pivot of the German east flank southwest of Helms, also has been taken.

Retreat on All Sides.
With the French Army in France, Aug. 5.—The Germans are in retreat on all sides of the salient between the Aisne and the Marne. On the west the French and British troops, continuing their push of Thursday, have reached the valley of the Crise, a little river, which joins the Aisne at Solissons.

The Germans, therefore, have abandoned the whole of the Chaudun plateau between the Cœuvres and Crise valleys.

German Line Crumbles.
Paris, Aug. 5.—After two days of irresistible attacks the German line of defense north of the Ourcq river is crumbling and at many points the Germans are in headlong flight.

Franco-Americans have swept still further north in the center of the line, while to the east, over toward Helms, the allies are more than three miles north of the Helms-Dormans road.

A LETTER TO THE COUNTRY FOLKS FROM UNCLE SAM

By HIRAM MOE GREENS,
Editor Woman's World.

Dear Nephews and Nieces:

Even before you open this letter I know that you will know what it is about. Some one of you—Lemuel Jones I guess it was—said the last time I was out to your house for Sunday dinner, that I hardly ever came around and almost never wrote, unless it was about money matters. Well, I guess that Lem is about right, but as the fellow said when some one offered him sympathy because he lost a couple of fingers in a corn shredder, "You can't feel any worse about it than I do."

I'm sorry that this unfortunate affair that we are in is making so much money. But I'm glad right down to the very bottom of my heart that we can raise the money to see the whole thing through. I know you will raise it—but we'll come to that later.

The other day I was in New York and I went out to see one of those big transports for soldiers. There were little tugs all around her waiting to get her headed straight into the stream and further down, near the Statue of Liberty some battleships were waiting to convey the transport. It was an interesting sight. It meant so much. And I couldn't keep my Adam's apple in its place, and there was a kind of a mist before my eyes—until through the tears I was trying to hold back, I saw Eh Root's boy, George, looking over the rail on the top deck. The last time I had seen him he was cultivating corn on that ten acre piece down on the state road next to Asa Hartford's.

Somehow when I saw that boy up there I didn't want to cry. My blood got warm instead of cold and every muscle in my body was as taut as a violin string. My heart just swelled in my body. In all my life I never felt so proud and so much like being able to fight, as I did then.

And I said to myself, "There goes Eh Root's boy, George. He is only one boy in a million and mere that are over there now. But there are others like him, and the folks back home they will stand back of him, and all, everything, that he and his comrades, and the ships and the men and the flag that flies over them stood for."

I could not feel and I do not feel now, that the folks back home would waste anything that might help to bring George Root back. I know just as well as I know my own name that George Root and the boys like him would not offer themselves as the supreme sacrifice to our cause, and those for whom they were fighting be small and insignificantly doing their part.

During this coming year it will be necessary for us to spend twenty-four billion dollars. It is a tremendous sum. But is not too much to pay for a world at peace, with us all as free as God intended we should be.

But remember that our total annual income, all of us put together, is only about fifty billion dollars, and so it is going to take about half of all our income this next year. That means that you must stop all waste. Our waste runs into the millions. You must stop that waste and then you must put this saving with other money you have in Liberty Bonds. It is the surest, safest investment you can make. You have my personal guarantee and you know I have never failed on anything I have ever attempted, and though I hardly need to add it—I never will fail.

Adjust your affairs to meet these new conditions. I know I can depend upon you. George Root and every boy in a U. S. uniform knows that you will do your part, and so do the mother's sons of Britain, France, Belgium and Italy—our allies—know you will do your part.

Be brave-hearted about it. It is a big thing, a tremendous thing, but it has been the big things, the great sacrifices that have made us a great people and have built our great nation that we hope may be greater still in the eyes of the world and greater still to our God in his heaven.

Talk it over. Help each other. I know you will all do your part.

I am
With love and pride for you all,
Your
UNCLE SAM.

Record Mackerel Price.
Gloucester, Mass.—The unprecedented price of \$27.75 a barrel has been reached here for salt mackerel. The record midsummer price was reached recently when \$27.10 per barrel was paid. Since then the advance has been steady.

Open Sugar Bowls Taboo.
Boston, Mass.—Open sugar bowls on tables in public eating places in Massachusetts were ordered eliminated for the duration of the war by the state food administration. Individual portions must not exceed one ounce per person per meal.

Wanted—A Postmaster.
Woodland, Cal.—The little town of Verona, in Sutter county, is advertising for a postmaster—or a postmistress. Although repeated calls have been sent out to neighboring towns not an applicant has appeared to shoulder the responsibility.

Maine Coal at \$10.
Portland, Me.—The price of coal in Portland and vicinity has been fixed at \$10 a ton by the local advisory committee. A discount of 4 per cent is allowed on bills paid within five days.

Harbord Succeeds Kernan.
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ASTHMADOR AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA Begins Treatment NOW All Druggists Guarantee

By HIRAM MOE GREENS,
Editor Woman's World.

Dear Nephews and Nieces:

Even before you open this letter I know that you will know what it is about. Some one of you—Lemuel Jones I guess it was—said the last time I was out to your house for Sunday dinner, that I hardly ever came around and almost never wrote, unless it was about money matters. Well, I guess that Lem is about right, but as the fellow said when some one offered him sympathy because he lost a couple of fingers in a corn shredder, "You can't feel any worse about it than I do."

I'm sorry that this unfortunate affair that we are in is making so much money. But I'm glad right down to the very bottom of my heart that we can raise the money to see the whole thing through. I know you will raise it—but we'll come to that later.

The other day I was in New York and I went out to see one of those big transports for soldiers. There were little tugs all around her waiting to get her headed straight into the stream and further down, near the Statue of Liberty some battleships were waiting to convey the transport. It was an interesting sight. It meant so much. And I couldn't keep my Adam's apple in its place, and there was a kind of a mist before my eyes—until through the tears I was trying to hold back, I saw Eh Root's boy, George, looking over the rail on the top deck. The last time I had seen him he was cultivating corn on that ten acre piece down on the state road next to Asa Hartford's.

Somehow when I saw that boy up there I didn't want to cry. My blood got warm instead of cold and every muscle in my body was as taut as a violin string. My heart just swelled in my body. In all my life I never felt so proud and so much like being able to fight, as I did then.

And I said to myself, "There goes Eh Root's boy, George. He is only one boy in a million and mere that are over there now. But there are others like him, and the folks back home they will stand back of him, and all, everything, that he and his comrades, and the ships and the men and the flag that flies over them stood for."

I could not feel and I do not feel now, that the folks back home would waste anything that might help to bring George Root back. I know just as

NOT SHIELDING WAR LOSSES

Casualties Expected to Be Large Because of the Terrific Fighting.

TROOPS WIDELY SCATTERED

Gen. Pershing Just Beginning to Get Complete Data Which Will Be Cabled to the United States as Soon as Possible.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Exact information as to the losses suffered by our army in the present offensive will be given the American people within a few days.

General Pershing is beginning to get complete data on casualties, which he will cable to this country as soon as possible. This announcement was made by Secretary of War Baker.

Arrangements have been completed by the post office department, which now controls the telegraph and telephone systems, and by the committee on public information, for the prompt transmission of the reports to parents and relatives of men killed and injured in the battle.

It is admitted at the war department that the daily casualty lists of the past two weeks have not adequately reflected our losses abroad. The reason for this has been the difficulty faced by General Pershing in collecting the information. The first list, however, is practically ready for the cable.

While our losses in the present offensive are expected to be serious and may even appear enormous to the casual observer, they are really only commensurate with the fighting now in progress. They will be large because of the terrific fighting of the past two weeks and also because of the large number of American troops engaged in the conflict. Latest reports give more than 300,000 of our men along the line of battle.

Our troops are widely scattered, however, and when injured are removed to the nearest base hospitals, which may be our own, or the French or the British. This, together with other obstacles, was explained by Secretary Baker as follows:

"I have received a cablegram from General Pershing with regard to reports of casualties. It points out that our troops are still widely separated, serving in many places, and that our wounded are taken to French and British hospitals as well as to our own, causing the difficulty and complication in securing accurate information. In addition to this, the troops are separated from their records while in the area of conflict and must depend upon very inadequate and temporary telegraph lines which are subject to frequent interruption and must, for the most part, be devoted entirely to the urgent business of the battle itself.

"General Pershing assures me that he is making every effort to collect casualty lists, have them confirmed and verified and that they will be transmitted promptly."

The high-water mark in our casualty lists thus far has not exceeded 300 names in a single day, and these lists represent only the daily toll of average warfare. The present battle, however, according to General March, chief of staff, has resolved itself into a conflict wherein both sides are trying to kill as many of each other as possible."

There is no disposition in the war department, though, to attempt to keep the truth of our losses from the American people. On the contrary, every effort has been made to let them know it. It was to correct the false impression in some parts of the country that we were shielding losses that caused Secretary Baker to cable General Pershing, requesting all information possible concerning our recent and present casualties.

VIENNA CONFESSES DISASTER

Cachiers Generale Who Were Whipped by Italians in Albania, According to Cablegram.

Washington, Aug. 2.—In consequence of the disaster in Albania the Austrian government has dismissed the responsible generals and appointed Gen. Weiss Balha to command the armies opposing the advancing Franco-Italian forces, says a cablegram received by the Italian embassy from home.

Boycott on Hun Trade Wins. Washington, Aug. 2.—The telegraph says that in the American government has prohibited trade with Dutch East India, thus employing Germans; plantation, enterprises there are gradually discharging the Germans in their service.

American Files for Thirty Hours. Washington, Aug. 5.—Remaining in the air 30 hours and 30 minutes, Ensign P. J. Barnes, attached to the American naval air forces in European waters, established a new world record for sustained flights in a "blimp."

Poincare Host to Hoover. Paris, Aug. 5.—President Poincare gave a luncheon in honor of Herbert C. Hoover, the American food administrator. Other guests were Ambassador Sharp, Count D'Amboise, the Italian ambassador, and Signor Nitti.

U. S.-JAPAN TO HELP SAVE RUSS

Washington and Tokyo Announce Plan in Official Statements.

OTHER NATIONS O. K. PLAN

Small Forces Will Help Allies Guard Ports—Japan Will Withdraw Troops When Mission Is Accomplished.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Official statements by the American and Japanese governments made here on Saturday announce that the plans for extending military aid to Russia in Siberia will be undertaken by the United States and Japan alone, with the other allied governments assenting in principle.

The statement as to the Washington government's purposes and aims in extending military and economic aid to Russia, issued in the form of a "statement to the press on the American-Japanese action in Siberia," from the acting secretary of state, is as follows:

"In the judgment of the government of the United States—a judgment arrived at after repeated and very searching considerations of the whole situation—military intervention in Russia would be more likely to add to the present sad confusion there than to cure it and would injure Russia rather than help her out of her distresses.

"As the government of the United States sees the present circumstances, therefore, military action is inadmissible in Russia now only to render such protection and help as is possible to the Czechoslovaks against the armed Austrian and German prisoners who are attacking them and to steady any efforts at self-government or self-defense in which the Russians themselves may be willing to accept assistance.

"With such objects in view the government of the United States is now co-operating with the governments of France and Great Britain in the neighborhood of Murmansk and Archangel. The United States and Japan are the only powers which are just now in a position to act in Siberia in sufficient force to accomplish even such modest objects as those that have been outlined.

"The government of the United States has therefore proposed to the government of Japan that each of the two governments send a force of a few thousand men to Vladivostok, with the purpose of co-operating as a single force in the safeguarding, so far as it may, the country to the rear of the westward moving Czechoslovaks, and the Japanese government has consented.

"In taking this action, the government of the United States wishes to announce to the people of Russia in the most public and solemn manner that it contemplates no interference with the political sovereignty of Russia, no intervention in her internal affairs, not even in the local affairs of the limited areas which her military force may be obliged to occupy, and no impairment of her territorial integrity; either now or hereafter, but that what we are about to do has as its single and only object the rendering of such aid as shall be acceptable to the Russian people themselves in their endeavors to regain control of their own affairs, their own territory, and their own destiny. The Japanese government, it is understood, will issue a similar assurance.

"These plans and purposes of the government of the United States have been communicated to the governments of Great Britain, France and Italy, and those governments have advised the department of state that they assent to them in principle. No conclusion that the government of the United States has arrived at in this important matter is intended, however, as an effort to restrict the actions or interfere with the independent judgment of the governments with which we are now associated in the war."

DIDN'T STOP THE AMERICANS

Pershing Gets Copy of Ludendorff's Order to Hit U. S. Men Hard.

Washington, Aug. 5.—General Pershing's communique contains this: "The following is a translation of an order from German great headquarters, transmitted by the first army to the Schmettow corps, June 1, 1918: "In order to hinder the formation of an American army in France, it is important that the American troops engaged along the front be struck as hard as possible. It is intended to use these troops as a nucleus for new formations. (Signed) Ludendorff."

U. S. Pays Old War Debt. Washington, Aug. 6.—The last of the Spanish war debt was paid off by the redemption of \$4,000,000 worth of bonds, part of a block of \$198,000,000 issued June 13, 1898, seven weeks after war was declared.

Great Honors for Pershing. Paris, Aug. 6.—Gen. John J. Pershing, commander in chief of the American expeditionary forces in France, was awarded the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

NOW TO MAKE 'EM LOOK RIGHT



WARNS RAILROAD MEN NEEDS MILLION MEN

McADOO WANTS BEST WORK AND NO STRIKES.

Calls on All Rail Employees to Do Their Utmost and to Expose Slackers.

Washington, Aug. 1.—Railway employees were told by Director General McAdoo, in announcing details of the wage increase for more than 500,000 shippers, that the nation expected new energy from the workers in return for any increases and improvements in conditions and that strikes and other labor disturbances must be eliminated.

"In reaching the conclusions upon which this order is based," said Mr. McAdoo, "I have been keenly conscious not alone of the interests of the large number of railway employees who are greatly benefited thereby, but also of my solemn duty to the American people to see to it that the trust they have committed to me is discharged faithfully with justice to them."

"No right decision can be made which considers only the demands and interests of any class of men apart from the paramount interest of the public and the supreme necessity of winning this war."

"Now that the decision has been made, the American people, whose servants we all are, expect every railroad employee to devote himself with new energy to his work and with faithful and efficient service to justify the large increase of pay and the improvement in working conditions hereby granted. The American people have a right to expect this and they will be content with nothing less."

"It is of the utmost importance that the output of railroad shops shall be greatly increased. Unless this is done the fighting power of our armies in France and of our navies on the seas will be seriously impaired."

"The loyal and patriotic employees can render powerful service to their country by exposing any who may become slackers in their work, by co-operating in the enforcement of discipline and by increasing to the utmost limit the output of locomotives and cars so essential to the success of our armies in the field. I count on the patriotism of every true American engaged in the railway service."

18-45 NEW U. S. DRAFT AGES

Senator Chamberlain Announces Limits for Army Service Set by Secretary of War.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Secretary Baker will recommend that the draft ages be made from eighteen to forty-five. This was announced on Saturday by Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the senate military committee, after a conference with Secretary Baker.

Senator Chamberlain said the new army bill embodying these ages had been completed by Secretary Baker and would be introduced simultaneously in both houses of congress.

EKATERINBURG IS CAPTURED

Siberian City Where the Former Czar Was Executed Taken by Czechoslovaks.

Amsterdam, Aug. 3.—The town of Ekaterinburg, in the province of Perm, near the Siberian border, has been taken by the Czechoslovaks, according to the newspaper Isvestia of Moscow. With this new development of the Czech-Slovak movement the bolshevik press is raising cries of alarm. The Pravda, for instance, declares the Czech-Slovak danger is growing like an avalanche and that the counter-revolutionary movement is extending.

Navy Electrician Killed. Washington, Aug. 6.—The navy department announced the death of Charles E. Kruger, electrician, U. S. N. R. F., in a seaplane accident on July 30. Kruger's home address was Newport News, Va.

F. Roosevelt Sees Marines. Paris, Aug. 6.—Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant United States secretary of the navy, left for the sector of the western front held by the marines. "I hope to see the grand fighters fight," said he, departing.

NEW DRAFT BILL IS INTRODUCED

Both Houses of Congress to Rush 18 to 45 Conscription Measure.

TO ADD 2,398,000 TO ARMY

Provost Marshal General Crowder Suggests September 5 as Date for Registration of Men Within Proposed New Ages.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The new administration bill, introduced in both houses of congress on Monday to increase the draft ages so as to include men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, while not unopposed in both houses of congress, is practically certain of adoption.

Provost Marshal General Crowder, in a statement submitted by Senator Chamberlain, suggests September 5 as the date for a national registration of men within the proposed new ages.

Weekly registration of youths attaining the ages of twenty-one during the next few weeks was proposed by General Crowder as the only means of obtaining the 200,000 men to be called to the colors in September. This could be done by presidential proclamation and would add about 80,000 to the number of men available.

Senator Chamberlain said his committee had been called to meet, to begin consideration of the bill and that he hoped to report it out within a few days.

Senator Chamberlain presented a communication from the secretary of war showing the number of men affected by the bill. According to these figures, 2,398,000 men between the ages of eighteen and twenty inclusive and thirty-two and forty-five inclusive would be subject to military service. Of this number 601,000 would be men between thirty-two and forty-five.

Chairman Dent of the house military committee said he had no immediate plans except to expedite it as much as possible.

The principal provisions of the bill are as follows:

"The president may draft such persons liable to military service in such sequences of ages and at such time or times as he may prescribe; a citizen or subject of a country neutral in the present war who has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States shall be relieved from liability to military service upon his making a declaration in accordance with such regulations as the president may prescribe, withdrawing his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and he shall forever be deemed from becoming a citizen of the United States."

700 IN U. S. CASUALTY LIST

Men From Forty-Six States Named in Report From Pershing—Few of Wounded Die.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Casualties among the American troops in the severe fighting in which they have been engaged since July 15, when the German offensive was launched and halted at the Marne, are now being reported in the daily lists from General Pershing, though no estimate of the total has yet been received.

Monday's army list contained 407 names, the largest number reported in a single day. Of the men named 203 were killed in action, 37 died of wounds and 148 were wounded, 48 seriously and 100 degree undetermined. The missing in action numbered only three.

An additional list of nearly 300 names, bringing the total for the day to about 700, was checked at the war department in preparation for publication.

Of the American soldiers wounded in the Marne-Paris offensive probably less than one in twenty will die from their wounds.

123 WOUNDED SLAIN BY "SUB"

Disabled Soldiers Killed by Explosion of Torpedo—Two U. S. Officers Were on Board.

London, Aug. 7.—One hundred and twenty-three patients are reported to have been killed by the explosion of a torpedo which sank the Warilda. The ship was returning from France and, nearing a home port when the torpedo struck her, penetrating the ward room where patients were accommodated. About one hundred wounded have been landed at a British port.

Two American officers and five privates were on board the vessel. Both the officers are officially reported as saved.

No Loss of Life on Ship. Washington, Aug. 7.—There was no loss of life when the O. B. Jennings was sunk by a submarine 100 miles off the Virginia coast, the navy department announced. The captain and 13 of the crew arrived at Norfolk.

Refuse Bentall New Trial. Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 7.—Judge Page Morris in district court here denied a motion for a new trial for Jacob O. Bentall, Socialist nominee for governor, who is under sentence for violating the espionage act.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 15 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONAHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why Lose The Cause is Dandruff and Itching. The Remedy Your Hair Cuticura

Who is to blame? Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder troubles. Thousands recommend Dr. Kilmor's kidney medicine. At drug stores in large and medium size bottles. You may receive a sample size by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

GUARDED AS SACRED THING Trust, Once Accepted, Must Be Held Inviolable in the Bottomless Depths of the Soul. There is nothing adds so much to the strength and power of character as unflinching loyalty to a sacred trust. "Not to be trusted!" What a blow these words would be if they were true of many of those we treasure as jewels among our friends. Unlike the secret, of which, when only a hint of it appears, it is quickly scattered abroad to tingle the ears of the curious—the sacred trust is silently and safely guarded in the security of the lips that are sealed, and the pen that would unfold is inkless! It is lodged where the eyes of the curious can never penetrate, nor the mischievous tongue reveal its mysteries. Nor is it to be found on the honored parchment, and with those who are highly paid for trust's protection, but is written in invisible words, and the bottomless depths of the soul. Safe it is from the "spite thrower's dagger"—safe in thought, where no whisper or sound can steal its sacredness; ever conveying, ever adding strength and courage to the trusted. It is the only armor needed to find the worth of "friend."—W. Stewart Houston.

Too Much for Ananias. Uncle John of the Excelsior Springs Standard has lost faith in the saying that men want but little here below. He writes "To my mind, this is the statement that choked Ananias to death. It was reproduced in this country at a meeting of the Ancient Order of American Skinflints as a sort of poultice to their consciences. It seemed to work fast-rare. I was a true believer in the same theory, until I studied the American profit hog at close range. Then I realized that another prop was gone from under me."—Kansas City Times.

Heard in the Studio. Daughter—This new skirt is too short for me. Mother—You needn't send it back; I'll wear it.—Film Fun.

Some men haven't troubles enough of their own, so they want to get married.

A Cool Breakfast for warm weather No fussing round a hot stove if you eat POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)—Bobby

RURAL NEWS

LAKE VILLA

Frank Sherwood spent last week in the city.

Harold Dawson is visiting his cousin, Kenneth Shephardson.

Mrs. Carl Miller entertained her sister and two children of Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks of Ingleside spent Sunday with Mrs. Sherwood.

Mrs. Gray and George of Chicago were Sunday guests of relatives here.

Mrs. Nettie King Smith has gone to Indianapolis to accept a position in a laboratory.

Miss Stella Kerr and party of friends spent Wednesday at the Naval Training station.

Clyton Hamlin and Henry Nadr are working in the Nash Automobile factory in Kenosha.

The Ladies Aid met Friday with Mrs. Forbes instead of Wednesday as was originally planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingale and Miss Rana of Woodstock, but formerly of this place, called on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Ruth VanPatten of Antioch and cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen of Chicago called on Lake Villa friends Monday.

Miss Avis Nelson of McAlister hospital, Waukegan, was a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Barnstable a few days last week.

Miss Wald of Burlington is a guest this week at the home of her brother E. L. Wald and family. They attended a sham battle at the Great Lakes station Wednesday.

The first donation of cookies and cakes went to the M. E. parsonage last Saturday afternoon for use in the social for the boys from Great Lakes, which is held there every week.

Quarterly conference will be held in the church here Aug. 13, and the District Superintendent will preach. Services will begin promptly at 7:30 to allow him to leave on the 8:40 train.

A good attendance at our Red Cross meetings each week is hoped for as a great amount of sewing of hospital garments and relief work besides the knitting must be finished this month.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable spent a few days with her sister in Chicago. Another sister, Mrs. Lee Nelson of Dalt, Texas, was also visiting there, being on her way to Minneapolis to the Mayo Brothers hospital.

MILBURN

Miss Voss of Chicago is a guest of Mrs. C. E. Denman.

Miss Foote returned home from Wheaton last week.

Mrs. Wm. Cleveland is visiting her children in Chicago.

Ward Bain of Racine, Wis., transacted business here Friday.

Many from this vicinity attended the Hickory picnic last Thursday.

The Red Cross society held their sewing meeting at the church this week.

The Misses Ruth Pollock and Madge Strong returned home Friday from Dekalb.

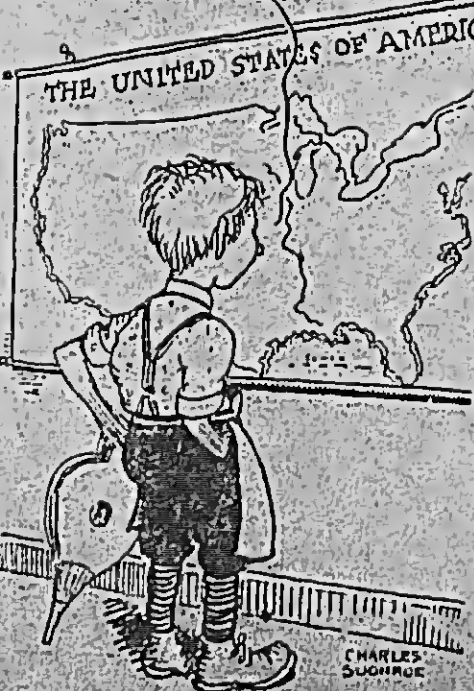
Jessie Ann Strang is spending several weeks with her brother at St. John, Ind.

Leslie Kemper, wife and children of Chicago called on relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Edna Ross returned to her home at Fort Worth, Texas, Tuesday after having spent a month with her sisters, the Misses Watson.

MICKIE SAYS

THEY MAY BE SOME PLACE WHERE THEY DO BETTER JOB PRINTING THAN WHAT WE DO IN THIS OFFICE, BUT I CAN'T FIND IT ON THIS MAP!



TREVOR

Miss Eliza Fleming is visiting at Fond du Lac.

Miss Daisy Mickle entertained friends Friday evening.

Mrs. Henry Lubano was a Kenosha visitor Tuesday.

Jas. Corey of Wilmet was in town Saturday evening.

Mr. Baethke and daughter autoed to Kenosha Monday.

Miss Patrick visited Mrs. Ellen Ames at Antioch Tuesday.

Tom Fleming and sister Mary were Kenosha visitors Tuesday.

Miss Lucile Evans is visiting her aunt Mrs. Houghton at Delevan.

Mrs. George Patrick and sons autoed to Kenosha Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mecklenburg are entertaining friends from Edgewater.

The Mystic Workers held a special meeting at the hall Tuesday evening.

Miss Patrick entertained a few ladies Saturday afternoon in honor of her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustine of Kenosha were the guests of Mrs. Knutson over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Merty and daughter Lena were Burlington shoppers Thursday.

Mrs. Josephine Bolton who has been visiting a daughter in Racine returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. Baethke and daughter Lillian and Miss Lizzie Rush visited friends in Antioch Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tait of Milwaukee were the guests of Mrs. George Patrick and Mrs. Jennie Booth the past week.

Albert Mutz of Chicago spent the week end with his wife and daughter who are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Letzer.

Mrs. Tom Loney entertained the Silverlake Baptist Ladies Aid Friday afternoon. A number of town ladies were also present.

Henry Lubano was pleasantly surprised Saturday evening when his children all came home and reminded him that it was his birthday.

The Red Cross Unit of Trevor will hold their annual business meeting at the hall Friday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Miss Lucile Mathews who has been attending the teachers training school at Union Grove came home Friday and will spend her vacation with her parents.

Mrs. McNamara of Chicago was the guest of her brother, August Schmidt and family last week. Her son Vernon who has been spending some time at the Schmidt home, returned to the city with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Singler and daughter Ester went to Milwaukee Tuesday morning. Mr. Singler returned the same evening, but Mrs. Singler and daughter remained with relatives the rest of the week.

HICKORY

Mrs. Chris Paulson is entertaining a friend from Waukegan.

Miss L. Smith of Kenosha visited last week at O. L. Hollenbeck's.

Earl Edwards of River Forest visited over Sunday at D. B. Webb's.

Helen, Ruth and Marion Edwards are spending the week-end in Waukegan.

Gladys Olsen of Chicago is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Olsen.

Miss Josie Mann and Martha Woodbury of Hebron spent last week at A. T. Savage's.

Shirley Hollenbeck spent the first of the week at S. W. Ames and also spent a few days in Waukegan.

There will be an ice cream social at the Hickory church Tuesday evening, August 13, for the benefit of the church. Everyone invited.

Early American Diplomats.

The first American minister to France was Thomas Jefferson, who represented this country under the Confederation and during the revolution before the Constitution was adopted.

After the adoption of the Constitution, the United States was first represented in France by William Short as charge d'affaires (1790) and then by Gouverneur Morris (1792) as minister.

May Be New Source of Oil.

It is believed that large quantities of an oil with many commercial uses can be obtained from the nuts of the coyol palm, which grows prolifically in central and tropical South America.

WILMOT

Fred Madpen was in Kenosha Thursday.

Pvt. Chas. Bruel has landed safely over 2,000.

Richard Clore of Chicago is visiting at the Morgan home.

Hazel Turner of Spring Grove called on Vera Hegeman, Friday.

Arthur Heldorff made a business trip to Milwaukee Saturday.

Mrs. Guy Loftus and children are visiting relatives at Hobron.

Mrs. R. C. Shpiff attended the chautauqua at Bristol Friday.

Mrs. Tom Madden has returned home from an extended visit to Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Shales and children visited Wilmet relatives Sunday.

Mrs. J. Madden and daughter Margaret were Wilmet callers Tuesday.

Louis Hegeman and family motored to Burlington Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanks and daughter of Bristol called on Wilmet friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Neuman and son of Genoa called at the Kruckman home Sunday.

Mrs. Bexter and son of Beloit have been spending the week with Mrs. Seidchlog.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swenson of Phoenix, Ari., a son, whose name is Franklin Jr.

Miss R. Henderson of Kenosha, was in Wilmet Wednesday to conduct the girl's canning club.

Mrs. J. Carey entertained Mr. Daly and daughter and J. Ludwig and family at a dinner Tuesday.

Marie Matten is making an extended visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Dahl, at Mellen, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Luke and children and Charles Luke of Kenosha spent Sunday at Otto Luke's.

Mrs. G. Faulkner attended a birthday party for Sarah Patrick at Trevor Saturday afternoon.

Pvt. Roland Hegeman will be an instructor in the next Ordnance school to be held at Camp Hancock.

Harry Beck of Kenosha, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Beck of Wilmet enlisted in the cavalry and left for St. Louis Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Carey and Grace, Mrs. J. Carey, Mrs. W. Dobyns and son motored to Waukegan Saturday afternoon.

Chas. Dean and wife of Silverlake and Mrs. Albert Hanks and children of Antioch visited at the Geo. Dean home Sunday.

John Kanis and family of Randall and Frank Zernsdorf of Richmond were Sunday guests at the John Kanis home here.

Kenosha county needs twenty-five more nurses. Girls between 19 and 25 hand in applications to Miss Frank Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Tait of Milwaukee were visitors at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Buffon, the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Wm. Valbrecht will entertain the M. E. Ladies Aid at her home Friday afternoon Aug. 16. Everyone cordially invited.

Rev. Jellie and family leave Wednesday for a vacation at Waterdown. There will be no services at the Lutheran church, Sunday, Aug. 11.

The U. P. H. school board held a business meeting at R. C. Shpiff's Tuesday afternoon. A principal to succeed Mr. Minsart has not as yet been hired.

The eight years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Frank, of Salem, who died of concussion of the brain, was buried in the Wilmet cemetery, Sunday afternoon.

Misses Nora and Catherine McGuire and friends, Misses Marie Shine and L. Lyons, and Messrs. Killburg and Carney of Chicago spent the week end at the McGuire cottage.

Florence and Mildred Prihnow returned to their home in Park Falls, the latter part of the week, after an extended visit at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. C. Phillips.

Ernest Peacock and family of Willow Brook drove to Wilmet Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Motley. Mrs. Peacock is rapidly recovering her former health.

Mrs. E. Pelletier, chairman of the knitting department, will gladly assist knitters for the Red Cross, if they wish. The local chapter has a large consignment of socks to be finished by Aug. 22, and wish more assistance.

The members of the Junior Defense League of Salem township will meet at the Lutheran hall, Aug. 11, for the canning of vegetables. The work will be in charge of Miss Henderson of the Kenosha county Council of Defense.

THE LIVING MEMORY

By MILDRED WHITE

John Ruggles swung about in the revolving chair, before his desk, to gaze over the high roofs beneath the glaring July sun. There it was again, that elusive memory of something sweet and half forgotten! What had happened to him in his heretofore satisfied middle age, that vague longings should reach out from the past?

Business and his success had for years absorbed him, blotting out all that had been before, making wealth alone his goal. Now, wealth was achieved, what had it brought him?

Lillias had dropped out of his life so long ago he had lost regard for her when she had chosen in preference to himself a sort of wandering nomad for a husband. Will had been a dreamy idealist, while he, John Ruggles, even in that long ago, showed unmistakable business promise.

It was in his youthful engineering capacity that he had visited the little village almost buried beneath its encircling hills. Lillias had met him in the quiet flower garden of her home, and it had been Will who took him there. Will, who, lazily curious about John's work, had made friends with the engineer upon the highway. Will had been kind to the stranger, had made it pleasant for him in the lonely village, offering the hospitality of his own small home.

John Ruggles had been glad to accept. There were valuable books on the crude shelves of Will's one roomed habitation—interesting curios from all parts of the world—and Will had taken him to see Lillias; when the engineer looked into the girl's rare blue eyes, he decided to remain indefinitely in the village. Decided calmly, to win her from the man whom she loved and make her his own, and John Ruggles had failed; that was all.

Then he went back to the great city where blue eyes and fair faces are "but a thing apart," and not "man's whole existence." Many women had come and gone in John Ruggles' life since that youthful time, and he had been content to let them go; without companionship of women his life seemed complete. But now—

Across the full chimney tops romance called to him, haunting a memory not unlinked with pain, of a grass-grown village street, a quiet old garden set back behind a cedar hedge; and about the garden in his memory dream moved the girl Lillias.

John Ruggles turned abruptly to press an electric button. He would humor his fancy, satisfy this clamoring impulse, by a walk down that same village street, a peep into the old garden which upon actual observation would undoubtedly lose its fanciful charm.

Lillias had married Will; poverty then must be her dower. Unlearned for women do not as a rule grow in attractiveness. Recently should forever silence this tormenting memory, so inconspicuously awakened.

But first he must dismiss the new stenographer whose work his secretary had pronounced hopeless. Again John Ruggles pressed the electric button. It was the secretary who responded.

"The new stenographer had not reported that day for business," he explained, "and her dismissal would be unnecessary. Realizing her own unfitness for the position, the girl had telephoned a resignation. Unhappily, like to the last in method," he added smilingly.

The great man paused reaching for his hat. "I recall the young person," he said. "She possessed at least the quality of respectful courtesy." The secretary bowed. "With a personality quite too different for office work," he replied, "as one could tell from a glance of her eyes."

"Her eyes," the casual remark came to John Ruggles like a flash of inspiration. Here was the solution of his awakened memory, the eyes of the little stenographer, he suddenly recollected were strangely like the bluebell eyes of Lillias.

"Life was unsatisfying," he told himself as he crossed the marble floor of the railroad station, "wealth, power, what had they to do with happiness the elusive? Where might it be found?"

The village street was unchanged, the familiar houses too, like those of yesterday. Suddenly the man drew in his breath while his eyes widened as if seeing a vision. For about the garden moved gracefully a girl in white, and in her hand a rose.

As he lingered unbelievably, she came toward him, her bluebell eyes searching his across the hedge, then she smiled.

"Oh! Mr. Ruggles," his recent stenographer exclaimed, "you came away out to see me? I was obliged to resign my position," she added flushing prettily, "because I had too long imposed. My business education was too brief to be efficient. I have not been long alone in the world."

Across the face of John Ruggles flashed an understanding light. All at once his lines of care seemed erased by some great inner joy.

"You," he murmured, "are the daughter of Lillias?"

"You knew my mother?" the girl asked quickly.

He smiled. "It is," he answered, "although Lillias herself were here beside me again."

The girl threw wide the gate. "I also am—Lillias," she said, and John Ruggles entered into the garden.

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IN CAESAR'S STEPS

Allies Fight Germans on Ground He Made Famous.

Campaigns Today Have Many Striking Points of Similarity to Those Fought by the Great Roman Conqueror.

Over the same ground where Caesar fought nearly 2,000 years ago, and with many implements of war remarkably like those used by his army, the allies are fighting the Germans today, says a writer in Pittsburgh Dispatch. The fee is the same in cruelty and in overbearing nature, as any school boy or girl who has read the commentaries of the great Roman general can tell you. How history repeats itself and how important as well as interesting is the study of the Latin language become since the war is illustrated in telling fashion by a classical exhibit in the University of Pittsburgh.

In the exhibit, which was arranged under the direction of B. L. Ullmann of the State Classical association, is a model of a bridge built over the Rhine by Caesar. It was made from the description given by Caesar.

The bridge is almost exactly like the temporary bridge the soldiers at Plattsburg are now being taught to make and on which they expect to cross the Rhine as they go into the domain of the Kaiser.

The Roman ballista, used to throw stones at the enemy, is made exactly on the same principle as the machine used today to throw trench bombs. Modern springs now take the place of the twisted rawhide with which momentum was obtained by the Roman machine. A model of the Roman ballista is in the exhibit.

On the same principle is the catapult, used by the Romans to shoot arrows. Several of the weapons used by the Roman soldiers, including sword and spear, forerunners of the bayonet, are much like those used in the present war. Models of all these are in this exhibit. There are also models of the Roman soldier and of the soldier of today, both wearing headpieces of metal-mach alike.

The boy who is reading Caesar can tell you that Helms, whose wonderful cathedral has been destroyed by the Germans, was named from the Hamlet tribe mentioned by Caesar and that Solisano takes its name from the Silesian tribe, conquered by Caesar. The commentaries are full of names made familiar by the war going on today and the schoolboy reads with added interest how Caesar defeated Ariovistus, king of the Germans, and won other triumphs on the same battle front as that of the allies today.

The wolf holes he describes are much like the traps used to ensnare and bewilder the enemy now.

Other articles in the exhibit made by students show what a wealth of Roman tradition has been handed down to us. The Roman fasces, shown as the original of the mace, the symbol of power, used by the speaker of the house of representatives. The fasces, in turn, had its origin in the sticks used by the Romans to flog offenders and the ax used by them to cut off the heads of the worst of them.

The Halt, the Blind and the Maimed. The large number of men, women, girls, and boys in Great Britain who are receiving wages they never dreamt of before the war, are not always mindful of the wants of others. In fact, many of the "world's sad dilemmas" are being substantially by the good times of their more fortunate brethren. Instances of it are very noticeable in the Black country. On my day, in the particular region, may be seen wandering to a convenient "pitch" the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Some have musical instruments which they perform upon. Others sing, some are blind, and others are maimed. They all have caps or other receptacles for coppers. When the works gates are open, and the workers come forth with pockets full of money, there is a variation in the music which can be described as wail. But is a great tune for the musician. There is a continual "clink, clink" into the cup of the poor folk until the last worker has passed their line.

Put Both on Their Feet. It was in the bar parlor of the Spotted Dog. The subject was the rise in the price of beer, and the man who had his glass of elder said it was the very best tax he had ever known.

"Since the rise in the price of beer I have not drunk any at all, and the money I have saved has put me on my feet—yes, fairly put me on my feet," replied the gargler of apple juice.

"Well," said the landlord, "come to think of that, it's put me on my feet, too—for since this 'ere bloomin' tax 'as come 'into operation, I've 'ad to sell my 'orse an' trap!"—British Paria and Home.

To Do Away With "Rush Hour." In order to prevent the rush of workers the British board of trade intramural committee suggests that industrial concerns should "stagger" their times of opening and closing. By taking on and discharging work people at intervals of ten minutes or so the cars could be worked more economically and there would be a continuous stream of passengers, instead of the present rush at certain hours.

TED'S ORDEAL

By LESTER BLOOM.

Silently the committee followed Ted Hammond down the street. At the fifth house from the corner they solemnly paused. Ted gave one appalling look and mounted the steps. There was such a prompt response to his ring that they almost seemed to have been waiting for him.

Ted waited miserably in the reception room while the butler went to announce his important business. He rather envied little Silas who was getting off light. What was simulating an epileptic fit in a crowded dry goods store to trying to sell the most luxurious liver in town a copy of "The Simple Life?"

The committee on initiation had been most ingenious this year. The tasks they allotted the candidates were positively headless, but to order him to seek to sell a copy of that book to Chester Ackerman seemed to invite him to self-destruction.

Nervously he followed the butler down the long hall and into the library. Ackerman looked up at his entrance. "What can I do for you?" he asked sharply.

"I have a book," explained Ted. "It's a very celebrated book and I thought you might like to buy a copy."

"A book agent?" thundered Ackerman as he reached for the bell.

"See here," pleaded Ted. "Give me a chance. Here is a book that everyone's been talking about."

"Don't want it," snapped Ackerman. "Have a look, anyway," insisted Ted. "It's 'The Simple Life,' the book that the president thought was such hot stuff. I'll bet you've never read it and yet it's been talked about for the last two years. You never did read it, did you?"

"No, and I'm not going to now," declared Ackerman. "If I thought you meant that I needed to read that—"

"You do need to," reiterated Ted. "Not the way you mean, but because a man needs to keep posted. By your own admission, you're two years behind. You can have a laugh, anyway."

He held the book invitingly toward his victim and almost unconsciously Ackerman took it. He glanced over the pages with an occasional grunt. He was by no means an expert of the simple life, and he found much to deride.

"Didn't I tell you it was good for a laugh?" insisted Ted. Ackerman looked up with a smile.

"How much is it?" he demanded. "You can satisfy your pride with the knowledge that you're the first book agent that ever sold me anything."

"In that case make it a dollar," suggested Ted. "Thanks. Good morning. I can find my own way out."

He was gone before Ackerman could ring, elated over his success and devoutly thankful that he had not been thrown out. He was just opening the front door when a girl came running down the stairs.

"Mr. Hammond?" she cried. Ted turned.

"Miss Drury!" he gasped. "What brings you here?"

"Mr. Ackerman is my guardian," she explained. "I thought that perhaps—"

She caught herself with a blush.

"No," said Ted. "That was not it. You and your party left the Point so suddenly that I could get no trace of you. The fact is that I was in selling Mr. Ackerman a book."

"You are a book agent?" she cried in shocked surprise.

"Amateur," he explained. "They want to make me feel properly humble before they admit me to fellowship in the fraternity. I had to sell a copy of 'The Simple Life.'"

"To Uncle Chester?" she cried.

"How did you ever do it?"

"I don't know myself," he admitted frankly. "There are three of the committee outside now waiting to see me thrown down the steps. I did not expect to disappoint them."

"I could call the butler," she suggested.

"No, thanks. If you will permit me I'll take another chance with your uncle."

"How," she asked curiously.

"You know what I was trying to ask you last summer," he said boldly. "You left before I could propose. I was, and am, convinced enough to think that you do care for me. May I go in and ask his consent to our marriage when I graduate?"

"This is so sudden," she protested.

"Not a bit of it. I've been seven months getting it out. I think you've had notice enough."

His eyes pleaded more eloquently than his tongue, and blushing she hid her face on his shoulder as she whispered "yes."

For a second time that morning Chester Ackerman was shocked out of his accustomed placidity, and for a second time Ted won. This time his pleading was far more eloquent. He could not go away at once but at last he said good-by.

In the shadow of the trees three huddled figures with chattering teeth greeted him.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said Ted politely. "Here's a dollar I got for the book."

"Tell us about it," commanded the committee. "What defined you?"

"That's quite another story," explained Ted. "But I'm really very much obliged to you for your untiring efforts to provide me with sudden death. I am indeed."